

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 876, Vol. 34.

August 10, 1872.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THE proposed meeting of the Emperors of GERMANY, AUSTRIA, and RUSSIA at Berlin is an event of considerable importance. But its importance lies as much in what it does not betoken as in what it does betoken. Fifty years ago, or even twenty years ago, it would have meant that the members of the Holy Alliance were met to fulminate the edicts of despotism over the face of Eastern and Central Europe. It would have meant that the heads of political reaction were gathered together in a common design hostile to the liberties, and probably to the peace, of their neighbours, and adverse to all that was enlightened and independent in their own territories. Now it indicates nothing of the sort. It is a meeting of Sovereigns who have many interests in common, and some few causes of discord or distrust, and who desire to see how peace may be preserved and difficulties arranged. The first origin of the meeting may be attributed to the political needs and apprehensions of Austria. No country has gained more from disaster; and no country has shown less of enmity to her enemies. To fight Austria seems to be the surest avenue to her good will, while Russia might add that to help her was the surest title to her ingratitude. Austria was beaten by France in 1859, and immediately afterwards was on the best of terms with the Tuileries. Austria was beaten by Prussia in 1866, and, though not beaten, was thrice attacked by Italy. Now Austria is the happy, unassuming, cordial friend both of Italy and Prussia. But Austria has great difficulties to contend with. She has disaffected nationalities which seek to break up her newly invented dual Government. She has a furious ecclesiastical party smarting under many discomfitures, and able to embarrass every Ministry that opposes it, although not strong enough to create a Ministry to carry out its wishes. Lastly, she has the turbulent tribes of the Lower Danube to control, so that she may hold that great highway of communication for the benefit of herself and South Germany. It is natural that in confronting all these various heads of opposition she should seek the counsel and assistance of Germany. It is a matter of the deepest concern to Germany that the Slavonic populations should not gain a mastery over the German populations in Austrian provinces, or the waters of a great European strife might be easily let out. Germany is necessarily anxious that the Jesuits, when expelled from the limits of the Empire, should not make Austria a hotbed of their intrigues. The Danube is far too much a German river for Germany to be indifferent as to who may hold the keys of it. But directly Germany and Austria touch on the Slavonic and Danubian question, and, with Poland so near, it may even be added on the Ultramontane question, they find that they must at every turn take Russia into account. They cannot pass Russia by. They must either work with her or against her. They have decided very wisely to work with her if possible. The Czar has therefore been invited, and has agreed to meet the German and Austrian EMPERORS, and to discuss, with a view to a friendly settlement, all causes of actual or probable difference.

Germany thus appears not so much the arbiter as the peacemaker of Eastern Europe. She draws together Austria and Russia, not as one who is a calm spectator or an impartial judge of the quarrels of others, but as having a most keen interest in the affairs of her two chief neighbours, and yet regarding them from a point of view different from that in which they can regard them, and having some sympathy with each, and much power over each, of them. This meeting of the EMPERORS marks a new phase in the history of Germany. Nothing could up to this time have proved less true than the prophecies so confidently uttered during the war of 1870, that Germany would show herself to be a domineering and

aggressive Power. This meeting of the EMPERORS is the first remarkable sign of German foreign policy since 1870, and it indicates a wish for peace much more than for war, and a desire, not for aggression, but for action in concert with allies. The Germans have, we think, a right to point to this, and to appeal to it as some slight proof that they were right and that their adverse critics were wrong in the judgments formed as to the consequences of the French war. There is something disagreeable in praising the prosperous, for it looks like the adulation of success; but prosperous people may claim to have justice done them as much as unfortunate people can claim it. It is surprising in how many things the Germans have proved to be right, as to which the preponderance of European opinion, while the war lasted, thought they were wrong. It was said that they were crushing the life out of France by exacting an indemnity of two hundred millions sterling. The French are now in a state of the greatest possible delight at having shown that this was a mere nothing for them to raise, and that three-fifths of it could be subscribed in a day twelve times over. It was said that the Prussian army, having tasted blood and being flushed with success, would forthwith invent and insist on new wars. The Emperors of AUSTRIA and RUSSIA are to meet at Berlin in a few weeks to join Germany in making war for some time at least impossible. It was said that under the cold shadow of the new Empire, and under the insolent tyranny of Prince BISMARCK, all the feeble liberties and faint independence of Germany would wither away, that the wishes of the people would be disregarded, and the wishes of the Court would be all-powerful. One of the objects of the meeting of the EMPERORS is to discuss the religious question, which question has suddenly become important because the wishes of the great mass of German laymen have been attended to, the control of the schools taken from the clergy, and the Jesuits expelled, in spite of the reluctance of the EMPEROR and the avowed opposition of the EMPRESS. There is always supposed to be some kind of harmony between the character which a Congress of great potentates is to wear and the character of the place where it assembles. The meeting of the EMPERORS is universally recognized as a pacific meeting. No one fears that there will be anything tyrannical about the decisions come to, that schemes of plunder will be discussed, that nations will be sold and bought like flocks of sheep, or that family or dynastic interests will prevail over those of nations. Berlin is entitled to the credit of being the scene of such a meeting, for it could not have been held there unless it had been recognized that its objects and its character would be in unison with the policy uppermost in the capital of the leading State of Germany.

In old days Europe was ruled by the Five Great Powers; and if the sovereigns of three of them had met at Berlin, there would have been trepidation and offence and alarm in the Courts of the other two. Now England has not only nothing to say to the meeting, but is perfectly indifferent to it, or even regards it with a mild satisfaction so far as it troubles itself about it one way or the other. This is not only because we have to a very great extent ceased to interfere in Continental politics, or because we have realized that, with the many calls on our strength, we cannot pretend to do more than a limited amount of work. It is also, and perhaps chiefly, because the principles for which we used to contend are in the ascendant. We hated the Holy Alliance, and did what we could, not without considerable success, to baffle and out-manœuvre it. Our side has won; the principles, the aims, the very machinery of the Holy Alliance all belong to the dead past. Among our other reasons for viewing such incidents as the meeting of the EMPERORS with calmness, we may fairly claim as one the success with which we

have laboured to give a new character to the meetings of such sovereigns as these three EMPERORS. As he grew old, Lord PALMERSTON's foreign policy grew tamer, but this was due, not only to his having a changed England to deal with, but a changed Europe; and Europe had changed for the better in no little degree owing to the firmness which in early days Lord PALMERSTON had shown as a diplomatist. France, too, is now as much left out of consideration as England is when meetings like that of Berlin are arranged. This denotes a great alteration in the state of Europe. France may of course say something like what England can say, and may comfort itself by thinking that it has on the whole been steady in its opposition to the old Holy Alliance and its modern representatives, and may be content to be quiet when a renewal of the Holy Alliance is, partly through French exertions, made impossible. But France has not so much withdrawn from the field of European politics as it has been driven out. It was the boast and delight of the Second Empire, and one of its principal titles to the respect of Frenchmen, that it had a finger in every pie, that nothing could be done in Europe without its permission, and that it saw, like a speculative financier, openings for striking operations in every quarter. The French had even invented a theory, in which they devoutly believed, that they had a natural and providential right to be supreme in Europe, and that it was not intended that the affairs of the Continental States should go on without French interference. This theory, and all that it represented, melted into thin air on the field of Sedan. That the French have got to keep quiet for a while is the most cherished result of the war to the people in whose chief city the EMPERORS are to meet. Fortunately the French have other and greater things to think of. The meeting at Berlin does not trouble them while they are mourning for Alsace and are exhausting new forms of taxation. How long this indifference of France to what is going on beyond her borders will last, and how far the enforced withdrawal of France from European politics will be salutary to Europe, are points on which it is as yet impossible to form an opinion; but for the present it may be said that France does not seem to feel any acute pangs at the loss of her old eminence in Europe, and that the intended meeting of the EMPERORS is one to which France, if she had the power to object, could make no just objection.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW ATTACK ON THE LANDOWNERS.

HAVING disposed of the Ballot, of Scotch Education, and of several other questions of importance, Mr. GLADSTONE is preparing for the next Session a formidable attack on the property and local influence of the landed gentry. In answer to Mr. ST. AUBYN he lately announced his intention of reproducing in a more comprehensive form Mr. GOSCHEN's Local Government Bill of 1871; nor can it be disputed that he is perfectly consistent in his policy. Both Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. GLADSTONE himself have on several occasions intimated their designs against the landowners in a tone of menacing irony which is but seldom adopted by official statesmen. It was in preparation for a readjustment of taxation that Mr. GOSCHEN, in concert with his chief, compiled the marvellous statistics by which he proved that the land bore a larger proportion of the public burdens in Hungary than in England. Although the first attack was defeated, the Ministers with just confidence anticipated that the rashness of their intended victims would furnish them with an opportunity of renewing the assault. Sir MASSEY LOPES and his supporters were unable to resist the temptation of inflicting upon the Government a welcome and acceptable defeat. The majority of 100 which affirmed the expediency of relieving the rates at the expense of the Consolidated Fund provided Mr. GLADSTONE with a desired pretext for recommencing his campaign against landlords and county magistrates. He will have lost nothing by the enforced delay of two years, for the Ballot will have rendered the landed gentry absolutely powerless in any contest in which their rights may be brought into collision with the supposed interests of the tenant farmers. Mr. GLADSTONE's object is probably rather political than economical; and he will have achieved a great party triumph if, by bribing the majority of the county constituencies out of the property of the minority, he can break up the close ranks of his Conservative opponents. If the blow could fall exclusively on Sir MASSEY LOPES and his principal adherents, few regrets would lessen the satisfaction which always follows on the award of poetical justice; but the arbitrary redistribution of local taxes, and the transfer of provincial

authority from justices to delegates of ratepayers, will affect the property of those who were innocent of a silly agitation, and the good government of all the rural districts of England.

In announcing his intention Mr. GLADSTONE referred with well-founded complacency to the division on Sir MASSEY LOPES's motion. "The authority of that decision," he said, "we acknowledge to this extent at least, that we ought to give our best efforts to see what can be done with a view to the improvement of the present arrangements." He then proceeded to explain that all the changes to be proposed by the Government would be in a direction exactly opposite to the wishes and opinions of the county members who had blindly rushed on their fate. "I may say that, with respect to the guiding governing aim, we shall have in view, at any rate we shall look very much to, the following points. First of all, to the introduction of the representative principle into local institutions where that representative principle does not already obtain; secondly, to equality and justice as between the landlords and occupiers of the soil; thirdly, to equality as between the different classes of the community in respect to the aggregate contributions they make to the public burdens; and fourthly and lastly," to empty general propositions about frugal administration and local self-government. In plainer words, the county magistrates are to be deprived of their administrative functions in favour of elected Boards; the landowners are to pay half the rates, and to have no practical share in regulating the expenditure; and taxation in general is to be readjusted to the advantage of owners of personalty, and to the detriment both of owners and of occupiers of land. Even in the absence of an authorised gloss, little sagacity would be needed for the interpretation of Mr. GLADSTONE's threatening language; and Mr. GOSCHEN's abortive Bill of last Session supports the probable version as an ancient manuscript sometimes confirms the soundness of a conjectural emendation. It has often been explained that, notwithstanding Mr. GLADSTONE's eagerness to inflict pecuniary loss on a class which he regards as generally hostile to his party, he will inevitably be baffled in his attempt to transfer the burden of the rates from the great landowners to their tenants. Their wealth and the prudent liberality which has deterred them from exacting the full value of the land from the occupiers, has placed them in the position of being able to add to their rents whatever may be taken from them in the form of taxes by factious legislation. On the greater number of large hereditary estates the farmers enjoy a virtually permanent tenure, although they nominally hold only from year to year. When the landlord directs his steward to alter the rent-roll so as to correct any alteration which may have resulted from Mr. GLADSTONE's pretended measure, any remonstrance on the part of the tenant will be at the same time unreasonable and useless. Mr. GOSCHEN's Bill, indeed, officiously provided that any contract for the payment of the owners' share of the rate by the occupiers should be illegal and void; but it will be scarcely possible for the present to limit by Act of Parliament the rent to be paid for land. Nevertheless, although the proposed change in the law of rating will not affect the income of the great landowners, it will have the advantage of inflicting upon them serious inconvenience, and in some instances it will disturb their friendly relations with their tenants. Their less fortunate neighbours will suffer in pocket as well as in political influence. The small landholder who has struggled to retain a scanty inheritance, or who has invested in the purchase of two or three farms his professional or commercial savings, is comparatively at the mercy of the tenant farmer, who knows that the owner would be ruined if the land were thrown on his hands. The rates have in the original contract been deducted from the rent which would otherwise have been paid; but when Mr. GLADSTONE transfers one half of the burden to the landlord, the owner will often be unable to secure himself against a purely wanton wrong. The incidence of taxes has often been to a greater or less extent determined by the interests or prejudices of powerful classes; but the scheme on which Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. GOSCHEN are bent is peculiarly distinguished by its exclusively political character and motive. The tenant farmers whom they propose to bribe by the offer of gratuitous relief have never complained, and could not have complained, of abiding by the contracts which they have voluntarily made. An increase of rates during the term of a tenancy of course imposes an additional burden on the occupier; but the possibility of an imposition of new rates ought to have entered into his calculation. As a matter of fact the recent increase of rates almost exclusively affects the town population, who have in the majority of instances consented through

their municipal representatives to payments for which they have generally received a full equivalent.

The accumulation of land in the hands of a comparatively small number of owners will be facilitated and accelerated by legislation which will render the condition of petty proprietors even more undesirable than at present, although it is intended by its authors to injure landowners in general. A rate which will perhaps be equal to an income-tax of eighteen-pence or two shillings in the pound will often compel the freeholder to mortgage, and the mortgagee to sell, and experience shows that the probable purchaser will be the great landowner of the neighbourhood. The whole project was so preposterously unjust that Mr. GOSCHEN, in the pamphlet which contained his original scheme, thought it necessary to invent a theory that owners were at present insufficiently represented in the local bodies which administer the rates. He accordingly proposed that the owners should return a certain number of representatives; and he perhaps persuaded himself that they would be simple enough to accept the illusory boon as an equivalent for the novel burden. In any assembly which imposes or expends taxes, a minority representing a separate interest discharges an idle and nugatory function. All persons who are practically familiar with rural administration know that in Boards of Guardians and similar bodies the gentry are powerless whenever they are supposed to have opinions or interests of their own. It was but an unseasonable jest to offer landowners powers for which they had never asked, in compensation for penalties which they had not deserved. It may perhaps have been unavoidable that the powers given by the Sanitary Acts should be vested in Boards of Guardians; but the law would have been more liberally and more providently administered if a larger share of authority had been allowed to justices. It will scarcely be possible to resist the impending substitution of elected Boards in counties for Courts of Quarter Session; but the experience of municipal corporations shows that the most enlightened classes are in a great measure excluded from influence where office is conferred by popular election. When the local revolution is accomplished, burdened and disfranchised owners of land will sometimes, in their orisons for the welfare of Mr. GLADSTONE, not fail to include a special benediction for Sir MASSEY LOPES.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THROUGH a curious combination of circumstances the House of Commons has become once a year the scene of one of the strangest performances known to any governing body of men. The Under-Secretary of State recites a sort of prize essay on the present condition of India. The notion underlying the ceremony is that, since the Crown took over the government of India, Parliament must be informed of what is going on there, and must have an opportunity of forming an opinion as to the mode in which Indian affairs are administered, and of controlling and directing the Government of the day so far as any shortcomings or errors in Indian administration may appear. But the House of Commons hates hearing about India. It does not understand Indian affairs, and has the wisdom not to pretend to understand them. So long therefore as there is any vitality in the Session, and as a body sufficiently numerous remains to debate matters in which real interest is taken, it will not have India obtruded on its notice so as to damp its spirits and waste its time; and the Government, which is anxious to press on its measures as rapidly as possible, is very happy to fall in with these views, and to shelve India to the last practicable moment. Accordingly, the Under-Secretary of State is made to wait till just before Parliament is prorogued, but he must be ready at any time when there may chance to be a vacant hour. A little fraction of time being thus carved out for him, when every one is supposed to be gone, when there is no one to criticize him, and no one but the reporters to listen to him, he is put up to make a solemn oration about India. Mr. GRANT DUFF is exactly the right man for the place. He is a round man in a round hole. He delights in composing and reciting a prize essay on India. His enormous knowledge, his boundless appetite for facts, his keen interest in every department of Indian affairs, his pleasing optimism, his delight in power wisely used, all find a fitting field and abundant scope in the task assigned him. He enters thoroughly into the spirit of the thing. He knows he has got to compose a prize essay, and he composes it after the most approved pattern. He works as if he were working for the Oxford Theatre, and as we read his performance we feel as if we were carried back a quarter of a century, and make

sure that before he began to write some one must have set him some such thesis as "Quenam fuerit apud Indos 'Anglorum imperii vis et utilitas?'" So completely has he thrown himself into the humour of the thing that he has grown impatient of anything occurring to spoil the completely prize essay character of his speech. Mr. FAWCETT, whose mind is cast in a different mould, and who has a painful habit of treating Parliamentary discussions as serious, gave notice that this year he should propose an amendment touching matters of some moment, such as the uselessness of a portion of Indian expenditure, and the inexpediency of a portion of Indian taxation. This seemed to Mr. GRANT DUFF thoroughly misplaced. The notion of an amendment to a prize essay! It was absurd; and so, before he had done, Mr. GRANT DUFF warned his handful of hearers that it was he who had been duly appointed to recite the appointed composition, and that no one else could possibly have anything to say that was worth hearing. Before Mr. FAWCETT had uttered a word, Mr. GRANT DUFF was certain that, say what he might, he would be wrong. Of course anything he might say would be wrong, for it would lead Parliament entirely out of the right groove, and might even make ignorant people in India believe that discussions on Indian affairs in an English Parliament are seriously meant.

Mr. GRANT DUFF gave a very bright picture of Indian affairs, and although as an official he was naturally inclined to take the happiest views and say the best possible things of everything connected with his office, yet he is transparently honest, and it is satisfactory to know that so competent a judge can see so unclouded and serene a sky in everything Indian. It is true that, with a kind of classic courtesy to NEMESIS, he warned Parliament not to be too confident, and said that no wise man would ever say that our rule in India was free from all danger. But this was merely a kind of decorous hedging. He did not wish to provoke the angry Fates which tumble the proud man in the dust. The bad things of India belong to the unknown, while it is only good things that fill the measure of the known. Everything that can be ascertained about India is radiantly cheerful in the eyes of the Under-Secretary, and especially the current price of Four per Cent. Stock. How any one, in face of the high quotation of this Stock above par, could have the heart—to say nothing of the effrontery—to move an amendment to his prize essay was, to Mr. GRANT DUFF's mind, utterly unaccountable. There were the facts. Four per Cents. seven above par. What was the good of talking of the problem of Indian Government? *Solutum est ambulando*. It was solved by the gentle march upwards of Indian Stock. And everything is in keeping with this main and most prominent symptom of prosperity. In finance the general result of the past year is that the Government had half a million more of revenue, and nearly a million less of expenditure, than in the year before. For the current year there is an estimated surplus of a quarter of a million, and the cash balances are so large that there can be no necessity for borrowing. There has been a slight excess of expenditure over income in the last few years, but then India has in those years got nearly forty millions worth of public works, which were perfectly necessary to her if she was to rank among civilized nations. Meanwhile her trade has been nearly doubled, and the Suez Canal is turning out to be as profitable to Calcutta as to Venice. Dr. HOOKER has extended the range of science in India, and a most valuable work has been written on the bites of venomous snakes. As to the Indian Income-tax, which Mr. FAWCETT presumed to attack in his amendment, no one in England has as yet any conception how slight is its unpopularity in India. The Indian Finance Committee has been hearing evidence about it, but the Government has been allowing all that could be said against it to be said, and has got its own evidence all ready to be brought out at the right moment for the utter confutation of its adversaries. Lord MAYO at one time thought badly of the tax, but before his death he changed his mind, and considered its alleged unpopularity a delusion. What more could be wanted? India is in perfect peace. Two hundred thousand men keep a hundred and fifty millions in complete subjection. The Mahomedan revival is a fleabite. Trade is excellent, and finance is sound. Government Stock is very high, and the only thing now is to rest perfectly satisfied, and—to use Mr. GRANT DUFF's words—to allow *res vadere ut vadunt*. Things have but to go on as they are going, and India must continue to be as happy as she is now.

But Mr. FAWCETT was deaf to all this charming, and insisted on having his say; and if Indian affairs are to be criticized in Parliament at all, his observations were certainly well worth attentive consideration. His main points were, that in

India we are continually spending more and more, while we cannot increase our revenue proportionately. We have arrived at the maximum of taxation. Prices have risen enormously, and therefore every department of Government is carried on at a much greater cost, and the Government is in many ways exceedingly extravagant. More than 150,000*l.*, for example, has been expended on a country house for the Governor of Bombay, and in 1870 his household expenses reached 21,000*l.* But the revenue cannot be easily augmented. Its three chief sources are the land-tax and the duties on salt and opium. But the land-tax is a fixed amount, the salt duties are as high as they possibly can be without checking the consumption, and the revenue from opium, always precarious, is now doubly so in consequence of the resolution of the Chinese to grow their own opium. Vast sums are spent in public works which do not nearly repay their cost. No Indian department knows what it spends, or how it spends it. This, it may be observed, is not only Mr. FAWCETT's statement. It is stamped with the authority of the Committee on Indian Finance, which has deferred its labours to another Session because the India Office has honestly confessed that in many respects it has no means of knowing how the money goes. In this state of confusion, of extravagance, of augmented charges and unelastic revenue, the only resource of Indian statesmen is, according to Mr. FAWCETT, the Income-tax; and authority after authority may be quoted to show how unpopular the Income-tax is in India, and how unsuited to the country. How far Mr. FAWCETT may be right we do not pretend to say; but it is quite to mistake the point of his remarks to urge that the Income-tax is now a very slight burden, that it is hardly at all unpopular, and that it is only intended to produce half a million of money. What Mr. FAWCETT says is that there is no other resource left but the Income-tax, that the expenditure is extravagant in itself, and is necessarily increasing, without blame to any one, on account of the general rise in prices, and that therefore the choice must soon come between reduced expenditure and a heavy Income-tax. If the Indian Government were to say that it was perfectly aware that it must keep on spending more, but that as it spent more it would keep on augmenting the Income-tax, and that it could do this without burdening the natives too heavily or exasperating them too bitterly, the real issue would be clearly raised. Probably the Committee on Indian Finance will throw much light on this difficult matter; and it is a striking illustration of the honesty and sincere desire of the India Office to do its best for India, that Mr. GRANT DUFF spoke with great respect of this Committee, and with an entire absence of official jealousy. His view seems to be that the only way in which Parliament can really help or control the Indian Government is by the agency of such Committees, which patiently collect evidence, bring different independent minds to bear on given points, and are under a sense of serious responsibility when they make statements or suggestions. Possibly this may be so; but this is quite a different thing from Parliamentary control, as it is generally understood. Mr. FAWCETT has taken very great pains to master Indian subjects, he thinks clearly on them, and reasons boldly. If they are to be discussed in the House of Commons at all, such speeches as his ought to afford material for discussion. But the House of Commons and the Government have decided that there shall be no real discussion of Indian affairs in the House. They are felt to be at once a great bore and very unreal, and the crown and embodiment of unreality is the speech of the Under-Secretary of State. Well as he may speak such a speech, it is no gain to any man like Mr. GRANT DUFF to have to go through the performance. If the whole thing had not been an unreality, Mr. GRANT DUFF would have had to grapple with Mr. FAWCETT's arguments, and in so doing to show his own command of a most difficult subject, and to throw great light on a matter which in one way or another is of considerable importance to Englishmen. But this was not to be; the rules of the game forbade it; and so an August afternoon, and the greater part of an August evening, and the abilities and knowledge of Mr. GRANT DUFF and Mr. FAWCETT were wasted, not that any human being in England or India might be benefited, but that, in compliance with a foolish custom, a piece of routine might be got through.

THE AMERICAN CONTEST.

ALTHOUGH the reported Democratic success in North Carolina has not been confirmed by later accounts, the chances of Mr. GREELEY's election are still not inconsiderable. It seems to be admitted that, if the whole Union were

polled as a single constituency, the coalition candidate would be returned; but each State gives all its votes according to the decision of a bare majority; and consequently the distribution of the supporters of either candidate matters more than their numerical strength. It is not yet certain whether New York will support Mr. GREELEY, and the vote of Pennsylvania is still more doubtful. The Civil Service has for some time past been manipulated with exclusive regard to the interests of General GRANT; but official corruption involves the grave disadvantage of marshalling a still larger body of aspirants against the actual holders of places. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. GREELEY would be less grateful than General GRANT; and he would have greater facilities for rewarding his adherents. Mr. MURPHY's nominees in the New York Custom House can at the best only retain their places or establish a claim to promotion, while many times their number may hope to succeed to the vacancies which would follow a change of administration. General JACKSON's system of awarding the spoils to the victor worked more smoothly and simply when two great and sharply defined parties were openly contending for power and public money. Both Democrats and Republicans knew that their chance of salary depended exclusively on the success of their respective factions, and American politicians, to do them justice, have seldom the effrontery to change sides for purely personal objects. In the present election the Democrats, although they have no chance of office under GRANT, can scarcely be assured that their claims will be fully recognized by their ultra-Republican candidate. The office-seeking Republicans, on the other hand, are puzzled whether they shall rely on the corrupt election managers who surround General GRANT, or on the equally unscrupulous agents and advisers of Mr. GREELEY. The two Senators for New York, Mr. FENTON and Mr. CONKLING, both professional politicians of the most approved type, have taken opposite sides in the contest. As Mr. FENTON has for some time past exercised the entire Federal patronage of the State, while his colleague hopes to supersede him in the disposal of places, prudent voters may reasonably hesitate before they cast in their fortunes with either patron.

It is true that the great mass of American citizens have neither the prospect nor the desire of place. The politicians and the candidates for office may be counted by tens of thousands in a constituency of eight millions. It unfortunately happens that in ordinary times, and in the absence of great political excitement, the organization and activity of the regular election managers give them an influence utterly disproportioned to their personal merits and importance. Many of the most powerful persons in the Union are notorious for political and private dishonesty; and it scarcely ever happens that a leading politician is admitted into the most respectable society. In the present election the power of the politicians is at its highest point, because no great principle is involved in the contest, nor is it possible to arouse popular enthusiasm in favour of either candidate. In spite of the vulgar commonplaces of the press and the platform, American voters are too intelligent to care for Mr. GREELEY's affectation of rustic simplicity, or for General GRANT's experience as a tanner at Galena; but they are not to be blamed if they allow themselves to be controlled by the familiar agents and managers of the party to which they may happen to belong. The strongest argument in favour of the actual PRESIDENT is that he is the regular nominee of the orthodox Republican majority as it was represented in the Convention at Philadelphia; yet a Republican can scarcely feel that he is deserting his party when he supports Mr. GREELEY, who belonged to its extreme or Abolitionist wing, and when he follows the advice of Mr. SUMNER, who was long regarded as the organ of the strictest Republican sect. After some hesitation Mr. SUMNER has proclaimed his adhesion to Mr. GREELEY in a letter addressed to the coloured voters, who may probably listen to the appeals of their most prominent advocates. Among the better class of Republicans Mr. SUMNER's opinion would perhaps have exercised more influence if he had not ostentatiously displayed his inveterate hostility to General GRANT. The PRESIDENT on his part cannot be acquitted of imprudence in converting political dissension into personal enmity. Mr. SUMNER's successful opposition to the ill-judged project of annexing San Domingo was the immediate cause of his removal from the chair of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs; and Mr. SUMNER is not a man to forgive an injury. Mr. BANKS, a Republican leader of an inferior order to Mr. SUMNER, has also declared in favour of Mr. GREELEY. His adhesion shows that the professional politicians of the Republican party are not united in support of General GRANT. Mr. BANKS is not devoid of the kind of eloquence which pleases a vulgar audience; he was for some time Speaker of the

House of Representatives; and, like CLEON, he was at one time employed in a high military post for which he was ultimately found scandalously unfit. Before his failure Mr. LINCOLN was with difficulty persuaded not to appoint BANKS to the chief command on the Mississippi in place of GRANT, who had not then fully established his military reputation. If the PRESIDENT had not been overruled, it is probable that Vicksburg would not have been taken, and perhaps the whole civil war might have had a different result. Time has provided Mr. BANKS with the opportunity of meeting his successful competitor in another field, and probably his services in the Presidential canvass may be useful to Mr. GREELEY.

There must be grounds which are not fully understood by foreigners for the widely-spread dissatisfaction with the government of General GRANT. It is not known that he has incurred either at home or abroad any conspicuous failure, for his most prominent opponents are even more responsible than himself for the discreditable sharp practice which ended in the collapse of Geneva. Mr. SUMNER invented, and Mr. GREELEY warmly supported, the attempt to extort, under cover of the Washington Treaty, consequential damages from England; nor is there any reason to suppose that the advancement of the Indirect Claims was disapproved by any considerable section of the community. In domestic affairs General GRANT has had the good fortune to be in office while the debt was largely reduced; and he has lately been enabled to propose a reduction of the excessive taxation which was imposed after the war. In almost all countries the credit of national prosperity is consciously or unconsciously attributed to the Government, and although the PRESIDENT is utterly ignorant of political economy, the protective measures which have checked the progress of trade have been maintained, not by the Executive Government, but by Congress. It might have been expected that a victorious General would retain the personal popularity which attaches more conspicuously to military exploits in a democracy than in a society which recognizes other forms of personal superiority. The PRESIDENT's inability to make speeches was at one time not unreasonably regarded as a creditable distinction in a community of stump orators; and imperfect familiarity with political affairs is readily pardoned in the case of a successful soldier. Nevertheless it is evident that the name of General GRANT excites no enthusiasm even among his own supporters, and that he has contrived to provoke bitter hostility. His dozen of cousins and brothers-in-law, all in office, and some in disrepute, may account for a certain amount of scandal; but Mr. LINCOLN, though he was troubled with relatives by marriage who were suspected of practices bordering upon treason, never found that his popularity was impaired by family miscarriages. Whatever may be the reasons which indispose Northern Republicans to the regular candidate of the party, it is not surprising that the white population of the South should resent the postponement of amnesty, and the continued prevalence of military law. Congress is really responsible for the policy which General GRANT has only executed to the best of his judgment. The Legislature which authorised the PRESIDENT to suspend the Habeas Corpus must have intended that he should exercise extraordinary powers without regard either to abstract principles or to his own popularity. There is no reason to doubt that in the suppression of disturbances, and even in the maintenance of a coercive policy, the PRESIDENT has acted according to his sense of public duty; but the most acceptable of all Mr. GREELEY's professions, and of the resolutions of the Convention of Cincinnati, was the declaration that there ought to be an immediate and universal amnesty, and that the constitutional rights of the Southern States should be completely restored. It has not been forgotten in the South that Mr. GREELEY was at one time willing to recognize the Confederacy, nor that he generously offered bail for Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS when he was treated by the Federal Government as a criminal. It will perhaps be difficult to reconcile his claims on the support of the white electors with his well-founded pretensions to the coloured vote as one of the earliest and most consistent of the Abolitionists. For the present, notwithstanding the result of the contest in North Carolina, Mr. GREELEY, whose candidature was two months ago not considered serious, must be regarded as a formidable competitor for power.

MR. AYRTON AGAIN.

THE debate of Thursday night on Mr. AYRTON's behaviour to Dr. HOOKER leaves matters in a more amazing and perplexing condition than ever. The official documents that

had been laid before Parliament showed clearly enough that Dr. HOOKER had been treated with systematic and persistent disrespect, and that every opportunity had been taken of thwarting and humiliating him. Indeed the First Commissioner had even gone so far, in defiance not only of all official discipline, but of the most elementary rules of intercourse between gentlemen, as to set aside the Director of Kew in making arrangements with regard to the internal economy of the establishment under his charge, to supersede him in important functions without giving him any explanation or even intimation of the fact, and to communicate with his subordinates behind his back. This view of the case was, to a certain extent, confirmed by the Treasury Minute, in which the First Commissioner was pointedly reminded that he was bound to exercise his authority "with due regard for the feelings and position of the officers under him," and that on all points he should communicate with the subordinate officials only through the Director, who was the responsible head of the establishment. But all of a sudden we are treated to a startling transformation scene, and Mr. AYRTON presents himself to our astonished gaze as the weak and helpless victim of a scientific tyrant. We are asked to believe that Mr. AYRTON, the most meek and pacific of men, who lives only to make others happy, and who never, even under the most exasperating circumstances, forgets the rule of Christian charity so far as to meet attacks "with an angry censured or a long expostulation, but treats them in an easy "good-humoured way," has for several years been subjected to cruel persecution by the Director of Kew. But even a worm will turn at last, and Christian charity has its limits; and Mr. AYRTON now appeals to the Government and the House of Commons to protect him from further outrages. It appears that an apology has been demanded from Dr. HOOKER, and the First Commissioner threatens to resign, or at least to hold no further communication with Dr. HOOKER, unless an apology is made. For his own part Mr. AYRTON, forgetful of the Treasury Minute, holds that he has nothing to apologize for or to explain. He "does not wish to pride himself on anything." He does not thank Heaven that he is not, as some other men are, notorious for a "knowledge of organic or inorganic matter." Providence has saved him from that, but it might have been otherwise, and he will not exalt himself with vain pride on this account. It is true that while these misguided men have been going astray after organic and inorganic matters, he has been giving his mind to the great subject of "the relations between man and man, and the duty of judging righteously and acting justly." But still he is not proud. He is willing to make allowance for the frailties of humanity, and is disposed to take a lenient, "easy, and good-natured" view even of scientific attainments.

It is perhaps hardly surprising that the House should have been so taken aback by this extraordinary statement that it allowed Mr. GLADSTONE to bring the discussion to a close, without expressing an opinion on the monstrous perversion of facts and insolent justification of official misconduct to which it had just listened. Mr. GLADSTONE was no doubt placed in a difficult position, and it was evident that he was trying to say as little as possible; but it is unfortunate that he should have seemed to afford any countenance to Mr. AYRTON's theory, that good manners are not only superfluous, but out of place in the public service, and that a Parliamentary official is bound on all occasions to let the permanent, and especially the scientific, officers of his department know that "he's there," by the rudeness of his behaviour and his disregard of the common civilities of life. It was not unnatural that Mr. AYRTON should ignore the Treasury Minute censuring his conduct, but it might have been expected that the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY would not have shrunk from repeating in his place in Parliament opinions which have been published under his official authority. We do not intend again to go through all the details of Mr. AYRTON's blundering and discourtesy in this affair. The facts are admitted, and the rules which the Treasury have laid down as to the manner in which the First Commissioner must for the future "govern himself" in his management of Kew Gardens, and in his official relations with the Director, supply a conclusive condemnation of his past behaviour. Mr. AYRTON insists that Dr. HOOKER should withdraw the charge of evasion and misrepresentation; and of course there should be no difficulty in doing so after Mr. AYRTON's assurances on these points. But it must be remembered that when the charge was originally made, all that was known was, that the First Commissioner had been secretly communicating with the Director's right-hand man, and had

prohibited him from disclosing the communication to his chief. Moreover the Treasury, in their letter of the 20th June, addressed to the First Commissioner, find it necessary to "ob-serve that your letter of the 8th September, 1871, to the Civil Service Commissioners" on the subject of the Curator's assistant "does not enclose a copy of Dr. HOOKER's letter of the 6th September, does not contain the whole of the recommendations which Dr. HOOKER makes in it, and does not mention him by name or office." They also point out that the First Commissioner had, in the first instance, altogether suppressed the fact that there was a fundamental difference of opinion on this question between himself and the Director. It is quite possible that Dr. HOOKER may be "excitable," but a Parliamentary official who systematically treats his subordinates as Mr. AYRTON treated Dr. HOOKER has no reason to be surprised if he finds them "querulous." Members of the House of Commons can judge from their own experience whether Mr. AYRTON's manners are easy to bear with. Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT administered a just and necessary rebuke to Mr. AYRTON, though some of the expressions were unnecessarily Ayrtonian, when he said that a member who put a simple and decorous question to a Minister had a right to expect a civil answer, and not an epigram flavoured with impertinence instead of humour. It may perhaps be regarded as one useful result of this controversy, that it has brought to light the project which is hatching for the flinging of the South Kensington shoe over Kew Gardens, and making the herbarium a washpot for COLE, C.B.

On the plain facts of the case Mr. AYRTON's behaviour is altogether indecent and inexcusable; but the very violence of his conduct makes one wonder whether there is not some deep explanation of it which it does not suit his purpose to disclose. It must often have occurred to those who have been critically watching Mr. AYRTON's official career that, not only his rudeness, but his wrongness was rather over-done. He is certainly not the only Minister who has been rude and wrong, but there has been a persistency, a vehemence, we may say an extravagance, not only in the uniform offensiveness of his manners, but in his eager going out of the way to do outrageous and quite unjustifiable things, and to place himself in thoroughly false positions, cut off alike from defence or retreat, and, above all, in his resolute ingenuity in making a bad case worse, which appears to surpass the natural limits of personal superciliousness or official blundering. There is a suggestion of over-acting about the whole thing. A rude man might occasionally be right, and an indiscreet official might cover his escapades with a little civility to opponents. And further, it should be observed that something like method may be detected in this seeming madness. If we could conceive Mr. AYRTON to have satisfied himself that reaction and disgust formed one of the most potent agencies for influencing mankind, and to have resolved to employ it in political affairs, much that has hitherto seemed inexplicable in his conduct would be explained. The democrats, for example, are wroth with him just now for having forsworn the turbulent Radicalism of his earlier years, and attacked the people with a set of tyrannical Park regulations. But the seeming inconsistency disappears if we look to the natural result, rather than the professed object, of the grotesque and preposterous Rules which the First Commissioner published the other day, without the knowledge of his superiors, as a subject for the mockery of the mob. It is obvious that if the object had been to bring the regulation of the Parks into contempt, to provoke defiance of the law, and to provide the Friends of the People with a pretext for agitation and disorder, it could hardly have been promoted more effectually than by the wild absurdity of these foolish and impracticable regulations; so that Mr. AYRTON has really been doing a good turn for his old friends, the demagogues, while pretending to take part against them. Possibly when these Rules are under consideration during the recess, it may be as well, after the recent explosion at the Treasury, to throw in a warning to Ministers that reckless freaks with gun-cotton cannot be allowed in the back gardens of Downing Street. From this point of view Mr. AYRTON would appear to be a subtle humorist and profound philosopher, who puts irony in action, and takes up opinions and lines of policy which he at heart detests, only to render them offensive and ridiculous, and to excite a strong reaction the other way. He is a CHESTERFIELD in disguise, teaching, not by example, but by contrast; a secret patron of arts and science, who travesties Philistinism in order to bring it into contempt. He has certainly done the men of art and science a service by waging war upon them so recklessly and uncompromisingly. A similar disposition had before been manifested by some other members and subordinates of the present Government in a comparatively mild way,

and if indulged in moderately and cautiously, it might have escaped the strong and unanimous censure which has been provoked by Mr. AYRTON's irresistible *reductio ad absurdum*. It may be suggested, however, that in this respect Mr. AYRTON has done enough for the present, and is fairly entitled to the relaxation of a little civility.

ENGLAND AND THE POPE.

THE House of Commons has within a few days had occasion twice to consider the inevitable consequences which follow from the existence of a Church which claims and exercises temporal power. Popular declaimers are in the habit of insisting on the abolition of establishments and endowments; and in Italy some considerable statesmen have hoped to solve the ecclesiastical problem by the application of the plausible formula of a free Church in a free State. A political philosopher would prefer in theory the opposite system of the middle ages, in which the State and the Church were the same body regarded in different aspects; and there is much to be said for modern compromises which have the effect of moderating and humanizing sectarian zeal. If the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland were endowed and recognized by the State, the scandals of the Galway election would have been avoided; but the bigotry of English Nonconformists rendered it impossible even to provide glebes and parsonages for the priests out of the funds of the Protestant Establishment; and it becomes necessary to deal as well as circumstances may permit with troublesome forces which a wiser policy might perhaps have controlled and made useful. Five-and-twenty years ago it occurred to the Ministers of the day that it might be convenient to hold diplomatic intercourse with a potentate who exercises a great, though undefined, influence over some millions of the subjects of the Crown. According to the best legal opinion there was nothing to prevent Lord JOHN RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON from accrediting an Envoy to the Holy See; but there was a traditional belief that the practice which has prevailed uninterruptedly since the Revolution was founded on some constitutional or statutory prohibition. As the ATTORNEY-GENERAL showed in the recent debate, the penalties which may be incurred by communion with Rome affect only spiritual relations; but the Popes have never distinguished between their own divine and human attributes; and it is possible that the contemporaries of JAMES II. and WILLIAM III. would have confused diplomatic courtesies with religious deference. It is a wholesome practice to procure the assent of Parliament to the revival of any part of the prerogative which may have fallen into desuetude; and it was therefore deemed proper to pass an Act for the purpose of removing any doubts as to the power of the Crown to establish diplomatic relations with Rome. The project was rendered abortive by the scruples of some members of the Opposition, who procured the insertion of a clause by which the Crown was prohibited from receiving an ecclesiastic as the representative of the POPE. A foreign Government might as reasonably have refused to recognize any English Ambassador who belonged to the regular diplomatic profession. It has always been the practice of the Holy See to employ prelates in all branches of the public service, and especially in foreign missions; and the POPE properly resented the restrictions of the Act by refusing to send a Minister to London, or to receive an English Minister at Rome. Necessary business was transacted through a member of the Legation to Florence, who resided at Rome in a kind of diplomatic incognito. It was customary to select for the post a confidential agent of modest official rank; and two successive attachés at Rome have since become Ambassadors at Paris and Berlin. As it would be anomalous to make the English representative at the Vatican dependent on the English Minister who is accredited to the King of ITALY in Rome, Mr. JERVOISE, the present successor of Lord LYONS and Lord ODO RUSSELL, is nominally on the establishment of the Foreign Office; and, but for Acts of Parliament, political factions, and religious prejudices, it might have been thought that after all his misfortunes, his losses, and his blunders, the POPE was still a personage sufficiently considerable to deserve the attendance of a Foreign Office clerk.

That the Roman Catholic Church and its Head have the means of embarrassing the domestic administration of Ireland was opportunely proved by the discussion which Mr. BOUVIER raised on the removal of a suspended priest from the management of the National Schools in his parish. The Education Commissioners had been divided on a question which is re-

plete with difficulty. Mr. O'KEEFE had been a manager in virtue of his office, and the function might be plausibly regarded as accessory to his position. On the other hand, Mr. BOUVIER and Mr. HENLEY contended that the Commissioners had given effect to an illegal deprivation, for it appeared that the Vicar-General of the diocese and Cardinal CULLEN had suspended Mr. O'KEEFE for bringing actions against his Bishop and his curate. The ecclesiastical litigation had, as it seemed, been brought to the knowledge of the POPE himself; and it is not satisfactory that a foreign authority should interfere to punish a subject of the QUEEN for resorting to a judicial tribunal. If the Government and the Parliament of the United Kingdom had been sagacious enough to provide Mr. O'KEEFE and his successors with a residence and an income, the jurisdiction of the secular Courts could not have been ousted by any Vicar-General or Legate. Parish priests who depend on voluntary contributions occupy a more precarious position; and it may be doubtful how far they are entitled to the protection of the law against the tyranny of their superiors. The Education Commissioners were not bound to dismiss Mr. O'KEEFE, nor to appoint his successor to the management of the schools; but they may urge in their defence that the co-operation of the parish priest is indispensable to the management of the schools; and the majority probably holds that the State can only recognize the priest who is designated by the hierarchy. In France, under the Concordat negotiated by NAPOLEON I., who approved of despotism even where it was not exercised by himself, the majority of the clergy hold their benefices subject to the absolute discretion of the bishops, who may consequently ruin a priest for the crime of obeying the law. The German Governments are at this moment engaged in a puzzling conflict with the Church on the same issue which is raised by the suspension of Mr. O'KEEFE. It is not yet decided either in Prussia or in Bavaria whether priests who reject the decrees of the Council of the Vatican are capable of holding Church endowments. The difficulty is greater in Bavaria and in the Palatinate, where the Roman Catholic Church is established, than in Ireland; but the right to property held in trust for voluntary bodies necessarily falls within the cognizance of secular tribunals. The Courts enforce the conditions of the trust, as far as they are legal; but a dismissal from office inflicted as a punishment for bringing an action seems at first sight to be a contravention of law. If it were possible to avoid disputes of this kind by the establishment of a friendly understanding with Rome, the object would be cheaply attained by the payment of a moderate salary to a diplomatic agent. It is true that German Ministers at Rome have not succeeded in preventing the present rupture; but in former times they have probably surmounted many smaller impediments. Negotiations sometimes fail, but without negotiation there can be no settlement of disputes.

Mr. MONK's objection to the appointment of Mr. JERVOISE derived colour from the words of the Act, in which the POPE is described as Sovereign of the Roman States. As the extent of the States is not defined, it might be held that the words of the Act are satisfied by the sovereignty of the POPE, if only it exists, over the little strip of land on the right bank of the Tiber. The Crown has recognized the title of the King of ITALY to the possession of Rome, but it is not certain whether Rome includes the Vatican and St. Peter's. The designation of the POPE as Sovereign of the Roman States, which was caused by an objection to the proper title of Sovereign Pontiff, has created the unforeseen ambiguity; and, although the ATTORNEY-GENERAL argued that the statute was only declaratory and superfluous, an enabling Act implies a previous disability. Lord ENFIELD made a false point in resting the POPE's sovereignty on his refusal to recognize the title of VICTOR EMMANUEL. For this purpose the recognition which is essential must be accorded, not by the POPE, but by the QUEEN. As Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN remarked, King AMADEO is recognized by the English Government as King of Spain, although it is highly improbable that his title would be acknowledged by Queen ISABELLA. Two separate classes of opponents objected to the maintenance of a representative at the Papal Court. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN would probably dispute the right of the POPE to any portion of territorial sovereignty, while zealous Protestants scruple to hold relations with a spiritual usurper. Some inconvenience may possibly arise from the presence in the same capital of two English diplomats corresponding independently of one another with the Foreign Office in Downing Street; but by some means provision ought to be made for communication with the POPE on matters affecting the good government of the QUEEN's domi-

nions. Although the present occupant of the Holy See has not been found manageable, his successor may perhaps pursue a different policy. The contrast between the doctrines of the Syllabus and the practice of the Galway clergy might perhaps shock an unprejudiced Pontiff, if it could be shown to him that the interests of the Church would be promoted by some approach to consistency. As a Roman Catholic member truly said in the course of the debate, every Government in Europe, including schismatic Russia, acknowledges that after all the political changes which have occurred, there is still a great Power in the Leonine city; and the business of statesmen is not to consult their wishes or their theories, but to recognize existing facts. If half the population of England were unfortunately to become Mormons, it might be prudent to employ a confidential agent at Utah.

CONSERVATISM AT POWDERHAM.

THE Conservatives of "the four Western counties" might have had a more triumphant, but scarcely so happy, a time, if the meeting at Powderham had come off at the beginning instead of the end of the Session. Six months ago it was on the cards that they would be in office any day, and the legitimate enthusiasm incident to this state of things would have been tempered by the anxieties which surround untried paths. Now that the Government must last at all events until next February, the Opposition can criticize with unalloyed pleasure the mistakes or the crimes of which Ministers have been guilty. There must be a special satisfaction also to the cooler members of the party in having the Ballot Bill behind their backs. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE can call with perfect safety upon Conservatives to oppose the principle of the new Act. Resistance to the principle of a measure already passed is a much less embarrassing thing from a party point of view than resistance to the passing of a measure which is still under discussion. It is difficult not to suspect that if the Conservatives had taken office before the Ballot Bill had received the Royal assent, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would now have been hinting that the general demoralization of public opinion on the subject made it doubtful whether it would not be better to pass the Bill with proper safeguards, rather than allow the Liberals again to make it a stalking-horse to power. As things stand, he was free to hope that all his hearers would combine in lifting up their voices and declaring their opinions. As it is usually the interest as well as the pleasure of persons who attend Conservative meetings to be known for what they are, there is not much doubt that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's hope will be fulfilled. The party agents will not insist on opinions being declared when the necessity of doing so might prevent an elector from voting, so that the result will probably be that where the Conservatives are in a majority they will vote shouting, and where they are in a minority they will vote in silence. This arrangement seems very well adapted to secure the solid advantages of the Bill, while retaining the liberty of abusing it.

The honour of unfolding the Conservative programme at Powderham was reserved for Sir MASSEY LOPES. It cannot be said that his speech has made it any easier to answer the question as to what the Conservatives intend to do when they come into office. Conservatism, he says, is "a policy of building up, strengthening, and repairing the old foundations of our ancient institutions, and it is a policy of amending all these institutions; but, at the same time, with the exception of amending them, keeping them inviolate and intact." There is a fine constitutional flavour about this sentence, but unfortunately it is an extremely evanescent flavour. As soon as Sir MASSEY LOPES's definition of Conservatism comes to be examined, it turns out to be a definition of all English parties, with the exception of that which finds a mouthpiece in Mr. BRADLAUGH. We are all, Liberals as well as Conservatives, and Radicals as well as Liberals, anxious to keep inviolate what we are not anxious to amend. Sir MASSEY LOPES is not much more precise when he descends from generals to particulars. The first aim and object of the Conservative party, he tells us, is the maintenance of a monarchical form of government, and of the three Estates of the Realm—Queen, Lords, and Commons. Sir MASSEY LOPES is a little hazy in his notion of what constitutes an Estate of the Realm, but, putting this aside, he has described what is the aim and object of very nearly every single man in Parliament. Liberals indeed are more Conservative as regards the Monarchy than Sir MASSEY LOPES himself, for they, so far as we know, do not propose even to amend it, while Sir MASSEY LOPES does not think it needful

to except the Crown itself from the list of institutions which have to be amended as well as kept inviolate. There are differences of opinion no doubt as to the amount of amendment which might profitably be applied to the House of Lords, but it cannot be said that the Liberal leaders have shown any disposition this Session to do anything except submit to it as it is. The second great characteristic of Conservatism is its devotion to law and order, its recognition of the rights of property against confiscation, and its dislike to Communism. Sir CHARLES DILKE might have a word to say upon Conservative devotion to order; and some of the Bolton magistrates are hardly an illustration of Conservative devotion to law. But, putting aside a momentary deflection here and there, no one will withhold the praise which Sir MASSEY LOPES claims for his friends. It would have been more to the purpose, however, if he had shown wherein the Liberal party is the enemy of law and order. If a description is to be worth anything, it must distinguish the thing described. It is just the same as regards respect for the rights of property and dislike to Communism. On Sir MASSEY LOPES's showing we are all Conservatives. If a Government were to be formed on the basis of "No confiscation," it would have to provide for double the ordinary number of Cabinet appointments. Both sides would have an equal claim to be represented in it. From property Sir MASSEY LOPES comes to the working classes, but after the experience of the Session he wisely treats this part of his subject in an historical rather than a political spirit. Our old friend the Factory Bill is made to do all the work. We are quite ready to concede, if only for argument's sake, that this Bill was all that Sir MASSEY LOPES's fond recollection paints it—the forerunner of all the measures passed of late years for the protection of the labouring classes, and a measure brought forward by Conservatives and opposed by the Whigs and Radicals. Probably if Sir MASSEY LOPES had seen his way to doing it, he would have come further down the stream of time, and have said something about the way in which the Conservatives have treated the measures which have followed upon the Factory Acts. His wisdom in abstaining from such a survey is unquestionable; but it is allowable to suggest that in 1872 it would have been more to the purpose to hear what the Conservatives thought of the Mines Regulation Act than what they thought of the Factory Act a quarter of a century ago.

Towards the close of his speech Sir MASSEY LOPES did succeed in discovering a Conservative principle which is not absolutely identical with the ordinary Liberal view on the same subject. The third characteristic of Conservatives is their anxiety for the maintenance of Church and State and of religion against Secularism. There are many Conservatives probably who look upon the Established Church with different feelings from those with which they regard any other institution of the country. It has a sacredness all its own; to touch it is not revolution merely, but sacrilege. But even now that a genuine party distinction has at length been unearthed, it turns out to be of no real value. In the first place, it relates to a controversy which for immediate and practical purposes need not be considered. If Mr. GLADSTONE had himself gone to the country on the question of disestablishment, instead of advising Mr. MIALl to do so, this feature in Conservatism would have had great importance. But whatever call may hereafter be made upon devout believers in the indissoluble union which should exist between Church and State, it is a mere waste of breath to raise the issue at present unless it be in proposing the health of the bishop and clergy of the Diocese. In the second place this religious devotion to the theory of an Established Church is apt to be but a weak-kneed devotion. It has an ugly trick of giving way just when it is most wanted. To judge by some Conservative oratory, it might be thought that disestablishment is a thing to be resisted even unto blood, that the obligation of fighting against it transcends the ordinary obligation of obeying the law, and emancipates the maintainers of Church and State from their allegiance to the powers that be. But only two Sessions back Conservatives were peaceably discussing in Committee the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and devoting themselves with business-like assiduity to getting all the money they could for it. Should the day ever come for the disestablishment of the Church of England to be an equally practical question, we have no doubt that the Church and State party will display the same practical good sense. As regards the antagonism between religion and secularism, Sir MASSEY LOPES is right in holding that there is a section of the Liberal party with whom secularism really stands for a dislike to the teaching of religion. But the numerical strength of this fragment is infinitesimal. If it had to construct a Go-

vernment, it would have to use up its whole rank and file, and then leave some places vacant. The great body of those who now call themselves Secularists really differ from their opponents, not on the question whether religion shall be taught to the children attending elementary schools, but on the far less important question when and by whom it shall be taught to them. A Continental secularist would open his eyes in contempt and wonder at the way in which the term is applied in England. A man who wished to see religion taught after school hours by the clergy of the several confessions would be classed in his estimation with the most priest-ridden Ultramontane. Even at the last, therefore, Sir MASSEY LOPES gives us but a very slight gleam of enlightenment. If Conservatism stands for religion against Secularism, there are many Secularists who would declare themselves Conservatives.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT.

THE Public Health Bill has become law, and there is now no part of England where there is not some sanitary authority possessing, and legally bound to exercise, a large variety of powers. How numerous these powers are is scarcely perhaps suspected by the opponents of the measure. Though they are all already in existence, they have hitherto been obscured by their distribution over several bodies, and by the fact that many of them have only been operative in places where a majority of the ratepayers have deliberately adopted the Act creating them. In future both these sources of weakness will be removed. There will be but one sanitary authority in each district, whether in town or country, and the powers of these authorities will, subject to the division into urban and rural authorities, be in all respects identical. Until now the inhabitant of one town may have heard of the satisfactory sanitary state of another town, and may have found upon inquiry that this state was the result of sanitary measures which might be taken with equal success in his own neighbourhood. But the discovery has in all probability done him no good. The town whose condition he envies has turned out to be governed by a local Act, or to have voluntarily placed itself under the provisions of a public Act the adoption of which is optional. Hereafter the action of one sanitary authority will be something more than an example to others. It will be an illustration of what can be done by a judicious use of powers which every authority possesses and can be made to exercise.

It is of great importance that there should be no unnecessary delay in carrying out the promise lately given by Mr. STANSFELD to publish an edition of the sanitary laws which shall be in effect a code for popular use. There is nothing to prevent the existing Acts on the subject of public health from being so arranged as to show clearly to the sanitary authorities themselves what they have power to do, and to the ratepayers what the sanitary authorities may be called upon to do. The latter object is the more important of the two. There is no fear that any sanitary authority which is anxious to do its duty will have any difficulty worth speaking of in finding out its duty. But there is great fear that many sanitary authorities will be content to remain in ignorance of their duty unless their attention is unmistakably called to it. If the new edition of the Acts is sufficiently popular in its treatment of the subject-matter, any ratepayer of ordinary intelligence ought to be able to point out to the authority having jurisdiction in the district in which he lives that they are bound to do this or that. For this purpose, however, a mere arrangement of the statutes will not be enough. There are many persons who seem to labour under a congenital inability to understand an Act of Parliament. When the same statements are put into different, and in itself perhaps less intelligible, language, they have no difficulty in taking them in. It is the presence of technicalities that confounds them. To meet this not uncommon case every division of the subject should be prefaced by a studiously unlaywerlike version of the provisions contained in the following statutes. The less anything is explained by reference to some former or subsequent part of the introduction the less danger there will be of misunderstanding. Any amount of repetition should be tolerated which helps on the primary object of making the men who elect the sanitary authorities thoroughly aware of what they can insist upon these authorities doing after they have elected them. With the same purpose of putting every part of sanitary law in the clearest possible light, it would be well to publish the rural and the urban codes in separate volumes. It is true that much of the contents will be common to both, but if a dull reader is told that

only part of the code to which he has to refer is applicable to his own case, he may perversely rest his demand on the wrong part, and be deterred from again taking any trouble in the matter by hearing from the sanitary authorities that they do not come under the statute to which he has referred them. Since every ratepayer must be under the jurisdiction either of an urban or of a rural sanitary authority, there will be no difficulty in treating the statutes which deal with each as a distinct body of law. In this way every one will know which volume he wants, and be sure of finding in it nothing but what he wants.

When the Local Government Board has thus done its part, a large measure of responsibility will devolve upon all who, either as electors or representatives, are concerned in carrying out the new sanitary system. It is essential to remember that no amount of Public Health Acts can remedy the sanitary deficiencies of the country unless the persons for whose benefit the law has been made take some trouble in administering it or seeing it administered. Many of those on whose behalf the intervention of the sanitary authorities most needs to be invoked will never invoke it for themselves. Either they do not care about being healthy, or they are afraid that they will offend their superiors if they are known to care about it. In this case the appeal to the authorities must be made for them. People who have until now been vaguely lamenting the unsavoury condition of this or that cottage ought not to rest satisfied in future until they have laid the case before the proper officials, and, if they are immovable, before the Local Government Board. There will be no difficulty in ascertaining by the help of the manual which will by that time have been published, whether the law provides for the particular case; and in the event of its being found to do so, all that will be required will be such a stock of patience as will outlast the delays and difficulties which, under the best possible system, it will be in the power of unwilling authorities to interpose. It would greatly help the working of the new Act if a few influential people in each village or in each district of a town would form themselves into an amateur Committee of Health, and send in a report to the Board of Guardians or to the Town Council of the sanitary evils which most immediately call for attention. Clergymen and doctors are naturally marked out for this work by their acquaintance with the houses in which the poor live, and by the consequent duty which devolves upon them of doing what they can to make these houses habitable. After all, however, the efficiency of the new sanitary system must largely depend upon the character of the persons to whom its administration is committed. So long as the Boards of Guardians have been only concerned with the relief of the poor, a great number of ratepayers have felt no interest in the elections, and have usually abstained from voting. There will no longer be any excuse for this sort of apathy. Every ratepayer will have a share in choosing the authorities to whose care the health of the district will be committed, and if he neglects to exert himself to choose them wisely, he will have no one but himself to thank for any shortcomings in sanitary administration. Such a display of zeal as was seen in the first election of the School Boards would go far to make any further legislation on this subject a work of supererogation.

To the return of a satisfactory representative body there must go not only good constituencies but good candidates. The electors can but make their choice from among the list of names submitted to them, and if this list happens to contain few or no men possessing solid qualifications for the post which they seek, the choice will necessarily be a bad one. This evil will in a great measure be met if men of standing and character in each district will put themselves forward as candidates for seats on Boards of Guardians. In many cases they do so, and do it successfully, even now. But in still more they hold themselves apart, from a natural dislike to the persons with whom they would be brought into association in the event of their being elected. They have been to blame for this abstention all along, because they have been neglecting opportunities sometimes of ameliorating the condition of paupers, sometimes of lessening the amount of pauperism. But pauperism does not concern every village, and almost every house, in the way in which sanitary matters concern them; and if influential persons show the same indifference to the larger question that they have too often shown to the lesser, their conduct will merit far stronger condemnation. In every Poor Law union and in every town there ought to be a committee of sanitary reformers, whose business it shall be to induce proper candidates to put themselves forward, and, if necessary, to defray the expense of returning them. By this means every election would at least be contested in

case of need, and every voter who preferred disease and present economy to health and ultimate economy would do so with his eyes open. Under an active propaganda such as has been indicated, the number of those who evinced such a preference would yearly grow smaller.

MR. CHILDERS.

THE few men who are left at the Clubs have this week been provided with a little mild political gossip. It was rumoured that the LORD CHANCELLOR had sent in his resignation, and that Mr. CHILDERS was about to return to the Cabinet. The one event had been for some time anticipated, and, as they say in the City, discounted; and the other excited neither interest nor surprise. It was natural that Mr. CHILDERS should be taken back into the Cabinet if there happened to be room in it for another Minister, and if his health was sufficiently restored; but it was difficult to feel any enthusiasm on the subject. The favourite who has disappointed his backers does not disappear from the *Calendar*, but his subsequent career as a steadygoing "plater" is at the best rather respectable than glorious. Nobody doubts that Mr. CHILDERS has good stuff in him as an official, but it is known that he is not the great horse he was once thought to be. It appears that the LORD CHANCELLOR's retirement is at any rate put off for the present, and some of his friends have seized the opportunity of protesting against the cruelty of spreading a report which, as they say, must painfully remind him of his many disqualifications, mental and physical, for the position he occupies. Lord HATHERLEY will probably not face the fatigues of another Session, but his health is happily not in such a condition that he cannot carry on the routine business of the office until Sir R. PALMER has finished his duties at Geneva. Lord HATHERLEY has failed so conspicuously as a law reformer that it is perhaps natural to expect something better from his successor; but the new Lord Chancellor, if he has any designs in this direction, will find himself somewhat embarrassed by the recent declarations of the law officers in the House of Commons that the law is perfect, and that in any case it is none of their business to mend it. Although the rumour with regard to the LORD CHANCELLOR has proved to be premature, that with regard to Mr. CHILDERS has been confirmed. Mr. CHILDERS, it is announced, will succeed Lord DUFFERIN as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet. The popular notion of the Chancellor of the Duchy is that he helps the Privy Seal to do nothing; but it has been officially explained that the Privy Seal does a good deal of miscellaneous work for other Ministers; and Lord DUFFERIN once described his office as that of a Ministerial man-of-all-work, who ran messages and did odd jobs for the Government. Whether it is absolutely necessary to have a couple of supernumeraries in the Cabinet we cannot pretend to say, but it may be presumed that Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it is; and it would be a pity that he should not obtain all the assistance he requires in the discharge of his responsible duties. Mr. CHILDERS began his official career at Mr. GLADSTONE's feet, and it is understood that he still looks up to him with the pious veneration and gushing faith of earlier years. Even if there is not much actual work for the Chancellor of the Duchy to do, it will probably be a comfort to the Premier to have his company in the Cabinet; and it would be churlish to grudge a hard-worked Minister the small indulgence of a sympathetic and confiding colleague. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. CHILDERS will not be able to provide himself with occupation, but no harm will be done as long as he does not get in other people's way.

It is possible that, if the Chancellorship of the Duchy were to be tested by the principles on which Mr. CHILDERS proceeded in his reductions at the Admiralty, it might be difficult to justify its maintenance as an important political office; and it may occur to some of the discharged clerks and dock-yard labourers that there is an odd kind of poetical justice in Mr. CHILDERS, who abolished so many places, having to be provided with a sinecure in order to return to public life. There can be no doubt that many of the objects he sought to accomplish at the Admiralty were in themselves sound and reasonable, but he committed the great mistakes of taking too much upon himself personally, of neglecting or rashly overruling professional advice, and of attempting to hurry through reforms which inflicted great hardship on individuals and shook the stability of the service, and which should have been spread over a series of years. He was in such violent haste that he failed to do justice even to his own plans; and the fine theory of Ministerial responsibility with which he started broke

down as soon as it was seriously tested. His administration at the Admiralty will always be known as the administration of the phantom Board. It is impossible to imagine anything more delicate or difficult than the exercise of authority by a Parliamentary official over professional experts. Mr. CHILDERS's management of the navy left human nature too much out of account. It is not enough for a Minister to come to a right decision as to what should be done; he must also take care that it shall be done in such a way as not to ruffle professional susceptibilities, and introduce sulkiness and dissatisfaction into the service. The experts are apt to be prejudiced and headstrong; they naturally look at everything from their own point of view, and find it difficult to understand why any broad considerations of public policy should be allowed to interfere with what they think right. A Minister who put himself unreservedly in the hands of his professional advisers would no doubt soon find himself committed to proceedings which it would be hopeless to attempt to justify in Parliament. On the other hand, a Minister will never be able to make anything of a service which is sulky and out of temper, and fancies it is not being treated with proper respect. The difficulty is how to humour and conciliate officials, and at the same time to keep them well in hand; and it was here that Mr. CHILDERS so utterly broke down. He got into difficulties on every side, with naval, civil, and scientific officers, all round. He had to learn that it was not enough to determine merely what was the right thing to be done, but that there is a right and a wrong way of doing right things. Whether he has learned this lesson sufficiently remains to be seen; but for the present at least he will have no opportunity of repeating the errors which produced such unhappy results when he was formerly in office. Mr. GOSCHEN has undone much of his predecessor's rash and inconsiderate work, has restored the authority of the professional officers of the Admiralty, and soothed the irritation of the service. If Mr. CHILDERS is wise, he will now content himself with office-work and the examination of accounts, and let alone the management of men.

The return of Mr. CHILDERS to the Cabinet may be regarded as destitute of political significance. It has been his ambition to be an administrator rather than a politician; and he has never taken a prominent position on party questions. His Radicalism can hardly be said to have gone much beyond a keen desire for economical administration; and he lately signified his independence by opposing some portions of the Ballot Bill, a measure which his Australian experience probably led him to regard without much enthusiasm. It has been stated that a place in the Cabinet would have been reserved for Mr. BRIGGS if there had been any prospect of his being able to accept it; but his health is unfortunately still precarious, and his disinclination for office would seem to have been confirmed by his experience of its anxieties. The bitter dogmatism which he displayed in his recent speech could find a natural vent only in an independent and unofficial position. Assuming it to be necessary that another Minister should be added to the Cabinet, it is difficult to see who except Mr. CHILDERS could have been chosen to fill the vacancy, even apart from Mr. CHILDERS's irresistible claims as a former colleague who had been obliged to quit office by ill health. On the other hand, if it had been determined that the Chancellorship should not carry with it a seat in the Cabinet, it is almost equally difficult to imagine where the PREMIER could have looked for a suitable candidate. The young men below the gangway seem to have given themselves up to priggish humours and pedantic crotchets, and each of them aspires to be a leader on his own account, while men like Mr. BOUVIER, although they sit behind the Government, and vote with it pretty steadily, are uneasy and distrustful. As far as one can judge at present, the rising crop of statesmen is not a very promising one; and we should perhaps be thankful for those we have got, such as they are.

LECTURING IN AMERICA.

WE are apt to think, and on the whole with some reason, that America is a dull country. It has undoubtedly many solid advantages. The labourer who is transferred from a European dietary to a systematic consumption of three meals of meat daily need look no further for happiness, though of course he has also the advantage of becoming one of the multitudinous sovereigns of his adopted country. But for the more educated classes it must be admitted that many pleasures which give grace and refinement to European life are wanting. If any proof were needed, it would be found in the readiness of the higher class of Americans to expatriate themselves. A lover of any form of art is worse off in New York or Boston than at many third-rate European towns.

When, however, we descend a degree or two in the social scale, the disadvantage is not so clearly on the same side. What kind of amusements are open, for example, to a middle-class Englishman in any town outside of London? He may enjoy himself socially, and we need not inquire too closely whether social enjoyment is not associated in his mind with the consumption of strong drink. At any rate the catalogue of pleasures is speedily exhausted. For music he probably cares nothing, and he has few opportunities of gratifying his taste if he possesses one. Every now and then he has the excitement of a cricket-match, a review of Volunteers, or a cattle-show. In the intervals, and especially in the evenings, it is to be feared that he is terribly bored. His love of home enjoyments, on which he sometimes prides himself, means chiefly a habit of going to sleep by the domestic hearth as soon as he has finished his day's work. However, as it is supposed that all capacity for intellectual pleasure is not quite dead within him, some energetic persons try to entice him from the bosom of his family by the promise of one of those lively entertainments known as popular lectures. Everybody who has attended one, and still more everybody who has been unlucky enough to give one, must feel that the mere fact that popular lectures exist casts a melancholy light upon our national habits. They help us to understand the prevailing French superstition as to the frequency of suicide in England. If these are the bright places in our lives, what must be the gloom of their usual monotony? The dismal green baize table, with the inevitable tumbler and decanter of water, is enough to strike a chill into the most buoyant spirits. As a rule the performance is only too suitable to the scenery. The wretched lecturer who descants, like Sir Barnes Newcombe, on the poetry of the affections, or describes a trip to the Holy Land, or discourses on the life and writings of Dr. Watts, feels himself instinctively sinking to the level of his audience. He utters, even in his own despite, the most feeble of platitudes, and hits off the most attenuated jokes; he tags the most commonplace of morals to his discourse; and feels himself to be as much humiliated by the patient effort of his audience to be amused as by the well-meant applause of the respectable persons on the platform who serve, a little too obtrusively, as leaders of the *claque*. It is a melancholy performance at the best, and on escaping from his position, and having made the regular vow that he will never make such a fool of himself in future, the lecturer perhaps reflects that there is something almost pathetic in the eagerness with which his audience have been feeding themselves on the mere dry husks of intellectual pleasure. Few things are more touching in their way than to see the poor regarding as luxuries what to the rich is mere refuse to be rejected with contempt; and it is perhaps as sad a sight when the luxuries belong to the intellect as when they are material.

In America, however, the system of which we have only a pale reflection in England flourishes with far greater vigour. Externally a country town in America is duller than a country town in Europe. The total absence of anything picturesque in its barren rectangular streets is depressing to the imagination; nor are the manners and customs of the inhabitants calculated superficially to dispel the illusion. It must, however, be admitted that they are in some sense more vivacious than their rivals. Lecturing is to them a serious affair, and not, as generally in England, an attempt on the part of the educated to force some sort of intellectual pleasure upon their inferiors. To all appearance, Americans really like to hear a lady or gentleman discoursing upon things in general, and take some pains to get it done as well as possible. We will not venture to decide whether this taste shows that their lives are generally duller than ours, that lecturing stands out as a bright spot against the ordinary routine of affairs, or that their intellectual appetites are really keener. At any rate, the lecturing business which for a time seemed to be declining is now once more improving, and we have before us a publication called the *Lycium Magazine*, printed in Boston, which gives some notion of the extent to which it is carried on. This Magazine is the organ of an agency which keeps a large staff of lecturers in readiness. Country associations write up to it to give orders, and the agency is ready to supply any number of lecturers, to say nothing of "orators" for the Fourth of July, "Decoration Day," and other festivities, together with vocal and instrumental music. You may order the whole apparatus of an enthusiastic meeting as conveniently as you may order a wedding breakfast from a London confectioner. The Magazine is simply a trade list, setting forth the attractions of the various ladies and gentlemen employed for this purpose. There are, it seems, from sixty to seventy persons all ready to deliver themselves on a vast variety of subjects, from Shakespeare to the musical glasses, and from metaphysics down to ventriloquism. Some of the names are already known to us: Mr. Sumner and General Butler are both on the list, though it appears that their public duties may possibly absorb their energies during the approaching season. Then we have Mr. John B. Gough the Temperance orator, Mr. Joaquin Miller the poet, Mr. Bret Harte the humorist, Mr. Collyer, an eloquent and well-known Unitarian preacher, and Mr. George Macdonald of England. Several indeed, of the most distinguished performers are countrymen of our own, whose labours in this capacity are not so highly esteemed here as beyond the Atlantic. The subjects, as may be supposed, take the widest possible range. There are, however, two or three departments in which the American mind seems specially to delight. One characteristic variety of lecture is, that which verges upon personality. One gentleman describes an "evening with Thackeray"; two or three others have something

to say about Dickens; another is ready to discourse upon "Spurgeon and his work," or upon "Mitchell, soldier, philanthropist, and astronomer"; whilst a lady describes from personal observation the "ox-like gaze" of Mr. Charles Reade. Then we have lectures which we dimly guess to be something of the Miss Hominy variety. "Man revealed by music" and "the negative illusion" suggest more exalted mysticism, though the same gentleman rather descends into the familiar by promising a "spickspan new lecture not named yet." Of course, too, there are plenty of gentlemen ready to prove by various illustrations that the world is advancing to the millennium, and that it will get there more rapidly in proportion as it follows the lead of the United States. Colonel Higginson, for example, explains that the "aristocracy of the dollar" is gradually being substituted in America for the aristocracy of birth, and that it is a very much better thing. He "graphically and tersely portrays" the working of the latter institution in Europe, and shows that it leads inevitably to "insanity and idiocy." In America, on the other hand, the dollar stands "for all that is most desirable in moral and material progress." Nevertheless, Americans do not worship the dollar, though we should almost have inferred from the Colonel's eloquence that it was the best thing they could do; and they are perfectly capable of distinguishing between its right and its wrong. He showed in fact a "genuine belief in the people," instead of a "cold cynicism"; and displayed thereby the "consummate tact of the Yankee, combined with the logic and elegant phraseology of Greece and Rome." Persons who require some excitement may find it in a certain debate between the Rev. Dr. Fulton and the Rev. Dr. Haven. These two gentlemen are prepared to perambulate the country like a couple of professional prizefighters, having a series of sparring matches on the question of woman's suffrage. Dr. Fulton "enunciates great truths in short sentences, and hurls them" at his antagonist with, as we regret to say, a slight nasal twang. Dr. Haven is "bluff, jocosely, severe, and devout"; he speaks so quickly that he stammers through earnestness; but we fear, from the comparative obscurity in which his character is left, that he is intended chiefly as Dr. Fulton's chopping-block. By way of contrast, the admirers of humour rather than eloquence may engage Mrs. Lott Hough, who has an excellent lecture called "Popping the Question," which is an essay on the modes of courtship employed by different nations, and shows Mrs. Hough's skill in talking "Irish, German, Down-East Yankee, and other dialects." Or from this refined performance we may descend to the lecture of "Oliver Optic," who has published eight hundred stories in newspapers, besides forty volumes of books, since 1852. Of these forty books it seems that at least half a million copies have been sold; and yet we fear that their fame has scarcely reached England. We are glad, however, to know that Mr. Adams—to use his real name—has abandoned the "blood and thunder" style of romance for boys, and tries to make them "admire good characters and condemn bad ones."

Here, it must be admitted, there is a wide enough field of choice; and it would seem that the demand is sufficient to induce many Americans to take up lecturing as a profitable profession. We confess that we do not personally desire an introduction of the system into England. In spite of all the attractions offered, we fear that we would rather read than hear the best lectures ever delivered, and that we would much rather neither read nor hear the great majority. And yet we must confess that the prevalence of the taste is on the whole creditable to the country. The absurdity of many of the lectures, the vulgarity of others, the flattery of popular vanity, and a number of other faults which might be mentioned, are had enough; but, on the whole, the greatest misfortunes are the sheer unadulterated sluggishness of mind which makes even such mild intellectual dissipation impossible, not because the audience are above it, but because they are below it; and Americans might plausibly urge that, if they are dull even in their amusements, they at least show more impatience of dullness than we do. Let us hope that when the provincial mind is stirred to emulation in England, it will show as great an appetite for knowledge, and be able to gratify it with materials of a superior order.

DR. DÖLLINGER ON UNIVERSITIES.

THE festival observed last week at Munich, with every circumstance of royal and popular solemnity, to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University, has naturally been regarded in Germany as an event of national interest. The University, originally founded at Ingolstadt by Duke Albert in 1472, transferred in the beginning of the present century to Landshut, and then, twenty-six years later, to Munich, by King Louis, is one of the oldest and still one of the most important of the German Universities—the most important probably of those in Southern and Catholic Germany. And although the festival was of a strictly academical and not ecclesiastical character, it no doubt derived some additional significance from the fact of Bavaria being the recognized headquarters of the religious movement which is just now dividing the Roman Catholic Church, and from the venerable leader of that movement, Dr. Dollinger, having been called by an almost unanimous vote of his colleagues to fill the office of *Rector Magnificus* on the occasion. On the various ceremonials which marked the week, and which bear a considerable family likeness to the programme of a Grand Commemoration at Oxford, we need not dwell. They have been fully reported in the German

papers, and a briefer record appeared in the telegraphic summary of our own daily press. But Dr. Dollinger's speech, which seems to have been received with continuous and enthusiastic applause from all his hearers, young and old alike, deserves a fuller notice. It was of course to be expected that he would say something of the antecedents and distinctions of the University which he was there to represent, and of which he has for so many years been a conspicuous ornament. But he did more than this. He took the opportunity to give what in less experienced hands might have been a mere superficial sketch, while in reality it contains a vivid and critical appreciation of the origin and growth of University education in Europe. It is a subject on which few men are so well qualified to speak, and he handled it with that depth and accuracy of learning, that intellectual grasp and breadth of moral sympathy, and that ardent but intelligent patriotism which will at once be recognized as characteristic of the speaker by all who are familiar with him personally or through his writings. We cannot do more here than reproduce the salient points of a discourse which occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and which well deserves to be read in full by those who are in a position to study it for themselves.

Dr. Dollinger begins by referring to the first consolidation of national unity a thousand years ago under Louis the German, and its revival last year in the new German Empire. Since then the University of Munich has been the first to celebrate its anniversary, which thus attains a sort of national importance, and the more so as the different German Universities are closely united, and there is a frequent interchange of professors and students among them. The corporate idea which was so powerful in the middle ages, but was wholly wanting under the old governments, whether democratic or Imperial, of Greece and Rome, could alone make possible the foundation of Universities as independent communities, with their own rights and privileges, bound together by a community of interests between teachers and taught. Among such institutions the University of Paris for a long time stood supreme, and Paris became, far more than Rome, the intellectual metropolis of Western Europe. It was a common saying that, as Italy had the *sacerdotium* and Germany the *imperium*, France had the *studium*. Far different in character were the Italian Universities, which began to be founded in the twelfth century, but never approached the theological and literary eminence of Paris and Oxford; their aim was practical, and the studies principally cultivated were jurisprudence and medicine. Their origin and system were of a casual and purely democratic kind, without any recognized authority and position in Church or State. Two or three professors of canon and civil law and medicine combined to form a University, and students gradually gathered round them, but its prosperity was at best fluctuating and uncertain. Leo X. founded the Sapienza with eighty-eight professors, but a few years later Clement VII. diverted the endowments to other objects, and its days of prosperity were gone for ever. The teachers at these Universities had no corporate status or dignity, and were looked on simply as paid agents for the supply of a marketable commodity; there was no *genius loci*, as at Oxford, no sense of pride in belonging to a great institution either among the teachers or the taught. Bologna, however, has an historical importance as the birth-place and chief home of the allied sciences of Roman civil law and canon law, which exercised so large an influence on the development of the Papal autocracy; Alexander III., Innocent III., and Innocent IV., the great founders of the system, had taught or studied there. There, too, the German Emperors learnt lessons of absolutism derived from the maxims of the old Roman Empire which they were supposed to inherit, and openly proclaimed their superiority to law. Paris, however, exerted a more direct influence than the Italian Universities on the national life of Germany, through the crowds of students who flocked thither having as yet no Universities of their own, and who brought back with them the French spirit and language on their return. But everywhere the curriculum was a very narrow one, and the entire absence of any historical and critical sense left unbounded room for the dominance of fiction and forgeries. Two men, in Germany and England, made the first attempt to break the ice; Albert the Great, who has been not inaptly called the Humboldt of his age, and Roger Bacon, both of whom laboured to introduce the study of natural science, while Roger Bacon also paved the way for the cultivation of Greek literature.

And now the time was come for Germany to take her part in the academical life of Europe. The ancient Universities of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and Bologna own no founder and no cognizable date of institution—"they were a natural growth." But it was the princes, secular and spiritual, who in the middle of the fourteenth century began to establish Universities in Germany, and the municipal authorities afterwards followed their example. The first was founded at Prague in 1348 by Charles IV., and is said to have numbered 40,000 students by the end of the century; but the quarrels between the Czech and German students, which have lasted down to our own day, soon made an end of its prosperity. In the same century were founded the Universities of Vienna, Heidelberg, Cologne, and Erfurt, all of which were originally to a great degree ecclesiastical institutions, and supported by the revenues of Church benefices. They often had no fewer than six professors of canon law. But the great schism of the anti-Popes evoked a spirit of reform throughout the Church, and the German Universities, following in the wake of Paris, threw themselves into the

movement of which Gerson and D'Ailly were the recognized leaders, and were all united in proclaiming the superiority of Councils to Popes. But all hope of an effective reform was shattered by the desertion of Frederick III. to the Papal party, and he forced the University of Vienna, by the threat of withdrawing its endowments, to renounce the Council of Basle. Meanwhile a distinct but cognate movement had been originated at Oxford by Wicliff, and was taken up at Prague by Huss with greater immediate success, while a third University, that of Wittenberg, eventually gave it the form in which it has exercised so momentous an influence on the subsequent history of the Church. The Universities, too, in Germany rather than in Italy, became the nurseries of that revival of classical literature which, however little such an alliance was intended or acknowledged on either side, materially aided the progress of the Reformation.

Three more German Universities, at Greifswald, Freiburg, and Basle, were founded shortly before Ingoldstadt (in 1472), and Tübingen a little later. Paris was the common mother of them all, and Ingoldstadt borrowed its statutes from Vienna, which had received them from Paris. It was a dark period in the political life of Germany; but for a time, from 1494 to 1518, Ingoldstadt gained celebrity for its classical teaching under Conrad Celtes, Locher, and Reuchlin, and the historian Aventin was its most distinguished ornament. The number of students, however, was not large. Then came the Reformation, of which Wittenberg was the centre, and the new Universities of Marburg, Königsthum, Jena, Altdorf, and Helmstadt, were founded for its promotion, while Leipsic, Rostock, Greifswald, and Heidelberg joined the movement. Prague and Vienna, which adhered to the old faith, were almost deserted, and Ingoldstadt became, and continued for two centuries, one of the chief strongholds of Catholicism; there, as at all the German Universities, Catholic or Protestant, theology overshadowed every other faculty. It is curious that at a period of such intense theological energy throughout Europe, Paris, which had long been "the Queen in that region to whose decisions every one submitted," entered on her period of decline. But the causes of decay were external, and are not difficult to explain. The place itself, which was now the constant scene of civil strife and bloodshed, was most unfavourable for learning. But, more than that, the immediate neighbourhood of a Court which claimed supreme control over the minds and consciences, as well as the lives, of its subjects, made all freedom of writing and teaching impossible. Thus in 1624 a Royal decree forbade on pain of death any divergence from Aristotelian doctrines on physical and metaphysical subjects, and Louis XIV. would have instantly lodged in the Bastille any professor who contradicted his opinions. It is not wonderful then that during the seventeenth century Paris lost nine out of her forty colleges, or that, while two-thirds of the most distinguished German writers belong to the Universities, scarcely a single name eminent in French literature since 1660 is connected with the Parisian or any other French University. Enforced subscription to arbitrary professions of faith completed the work of degradation, and when at last the University fell with the destruction of her property, the event was hardly noticed, nor has any French Government since the Revolution thought of restoring it—*etiam perire ruinae*. Louvain, which had long been a flourishing University almost fit to compete with Paris, was strangled under a similar system of coercion, and her one great scholar in the last century, Van Espen, had to fly for his life when an old man of eighty-two. Leyden, on the other hand, founded by the Prince of Orange, and with far smaller resources, has produced a long line of illustrious scholars, and known no period of decay; while the Spanish and Portuguese Universities, which once stood so high, have suffered a total and tragical eclipse. But with the eighteenth century the German Universities received a new lease of life. The great reaction which began with the foundation of Halle and culminated in the foundation of the Universities of Berlin and Bonn, also brought about the removal of the Bavarian University, first from Ingoldstadt to Landshut in 1800, and thence in 1826 by King Louis to the capital.

We cannot follow Dr. Döllinger through the long catalogue of illustrious philosophers, linguists, historians, and divines who have adorned his *alma mater*, and who naturally find honourable and appreciative mention on such an occasion. It includes Schelling, Baader, Savigny, Feuerbach, Stahl, Windischmann, Sailer, Möhler, and many other memorable, though less widely celebrated, names. When he comes in conclusion to dwell on the present and future of his country, he points, as might be expected, with pardonable pride to the bright prospect opened before her through the restoration of political unity, and to the mission assigned by general consent to the Germans of enriching other nations out of the fulness of their scientific and literary wealth; though it must be remembered that in former ages they have learnt much successively from Italy, from France, and from England. He trusts that the single-minded and unwearied pursuit of truth for its own sake will always continue to be a distinction of Germany, and that she will avoid that vicious centralization which, in intellectual culture as in other matters, has proved the ruin of France. On one important point he earnestly commends the example of the English Universities to the imitation of his own, where he thinks that the College system would supply a manifest and serious defect. And no less earnest is his caution against the danger of sensualism and materialism incident to a widespread cultivation of the natural sciences, especially among the half-educated, which would inevitably prove the

harbinger of national decay. Against that danger the Universities, if only they are true to their high position and duties, will provide a sure defence. "Let us then," are the concluding words of the discourse, "continue to labour indefatigably, in a pure scientific spirit and with loyal self-devotion, to build up the one temple of truth. That will be an imperishable monument, surviving all changes of fortune, of the honour and greatness of Germany."

TOURIST TALK.

IT is a white day for the tourist when he first finds himself in a spot out of the reach of tourists. If it is not an unpatriotic sentiment, we may say that it is a white day when he first finds himself out of the reach of his own tongue. We do not mean when he falls in with a really intelligent native who pays the stranger the compliment of speaking to him as a guest in his own tongue, instead of requiring the guest to speak the tongue of the host. We mean only that confused babble of our own tongue, broken up and mingled with half a dozen other tongues, which besets the ear of the traveller as long as the necessities of geography drive him to abide within eyeshot and earshot of the tourist. We need hardly stop now to draw the marked distinction between the two classes—between the traveller who has a rational object in his travelling and the tourist who has no rational object in his touring. It is pleasant to get away from crowded haunts and huge hotels—in short, from the generally cosmopolite form of being—into places which the sightseeing crowd has not yet learned to infest, and where the land and its people, their ways, their tongue, and their buildings may be studied without let or hindrance. In the great hotel, in the place of fashionable resort, you are hardly a human creature. You are not a man, but only No. 235, treated no doubt, like all other numbers, with stately civility, but not entering into any kind of human relation with any body. But go out of the beaten track into the regions which Cook's tourists have not yet invaded, and besides the pleasures of quiet you can find less pretentious houses of entertainment, providing lodging and food, which, though they cost much less, are to the unsophisticated mind quite as good as anything to be had in the more stately palaces of Köln and Geneva. You are a man, and, as a man, somewhat of a brother. You are not a mere number, but a creature standing in a human relation to everybody, from the landlord to the boots. In short, you have to deal with a landlord, and not with a lessee or a proprietor or a manager of a company; you are not in an establishment, but in an inn. And, what is specially precious to travellers who wish to keep their heads clear for the subject of their travels, the foul practice of shutting up every possible window, which seems to reach its height in picturesque parts like Wiesbaden and Schwalbach, is far less rampant in places where the minds and the noses of men seem to be less perverted. In these lowlier quarters one is never hindered from opening a window for oneself. Nay, instead of the merciless savages who in more polite quarters seem to make it their chief business to shut up every crevice by which the least sniff of the breath of life can smuggle itself in, we have even known a discreet waiter open a window of his own accord, with the befitting comment that fresh air is a good thing. The painful fact is that happy regions of this kind are daily growing smaller; the tourist is ever annexing some fresh territory, and whatever he annexes he corrupts. He turns up in times and places where no one would have looked for him. One might have thought that Switzerland in the month of November was perfectly safe. Yet we believe that we put on record at the time that a genuine specimen of the British tourist was seen in that month between Bern and Luzern. It was he who, on being told of the meeting of the Federal Assembly—which his Swiss *Times* forgot to mention—supposed, with an unlucky conception of the most decorous Parliament in the world, that the Republicans must be "much more free-and-easy than we are." But after all, in this tourist some good thing was found; he did know that Switzerland is a Republic; he did not, like Chief Justice Whiteside, look on it as a confederation of small kingdoms. But the traveller whose fate constrains him to face the tourist on his own ground and in his own seasons hears more marvellous things than this. Let us conceive the inquirer standing on the hills above Heidelberg and trying to find out whether he really can, as he has been told, see the towers of Speier in the distance. It is something to know whether, in the desolation of 1689, the burning minster and the burning palace could be seen at a single glance—watchfires, like those from Troy to Argos, to tell the Most Christian King what glorious havoc was doing. Another stand-by, seeing somebody looking at something, kindly offers the help of a spy-glass. One good turn deserves another, and the gaze cannot well help saying that it is Speier for which he is looking. He is rewarded by learning what kind of idea the genuine British tourist has of the city which should at least be dear to him as the place—a second Antioch—where the name Protestant was first heard. "Speier—ah! there is a town there; it is famous for the —" There was once an Oxford story of a convivial and orthodox—some might think a Romanizing—divine, who was known to stand up after dinner glass in hand, and announce that "the invariable tendency of Protestantism is to—" something no doubt very dangerous, but what it might be was hidden from mankind by the sudden gulping down of a glass of port. So our tourist got no further than the fact that, as Protestantism had an invariable tendency to something, so the city which, though not Protestant, gave birth to Protestantism, was famous for something

which was lost by a sudden pause—unprompted, we are bound to say, by port or liquor of any kind—between the article and its substantive. Only a faint ejaculation followed—"Miss Somebody went there"—leaving the traveller with the vague impression that the unknown Miss, who at least went to see the city which was famous for something, had the more inquiring spirit of the two.

But greater things still may be met with. Let the traveller be on the line between Frankfort and Aschaffenburg. He is musing perhaps on the appearance of Josephus Augustus, Pater Patriæ, and the rest of it, in his wig and breeches in the Römer. Or he is musing on the daring of the Frankfort poet, whoever he was, who took the glibly-running line,

Urbs Aquensis, urbs regalis,

and changed it into such a limping cadence as—

Frankfordensis urbs regalis.

Or, as he nears Aschaffenburg, he is trying whether he can remember, or whether he ever knew, why Lambert of Herzfeld was so long called Lambert of Aschaffenburg, and further whether the minister of Aschaffenburg was regular or secular. Meanwhile his carriage is boarded by companions whose thoughts run on quite different matters. Enter the British papa, comfortable and self-complacent, at the head of his household. What will the moralist say if the traveller confesses that he shrouded himself, as it were—or, to use another metaphor, decked himself in peacocks' feathers—by answering some trivial remark in such High-Dutch as he could muster? The small—we hope harmless—trick succeeded, and the tourist household began to discuss things past and present after their own fashion. They had been at Coblenz; they had been at Trier—they called it *Trier*, and not *Trèves*, thereby awakening hopes which were disappointed—and Trier was pronounced to be a very interesting city, with the drawback that it was not blessed with a single good *café*. But as a man, and that man not a Briton but a Romance-speaking Swiss, once declared with some scorn that "*la chose la plus intéressante à Ravenne est le Pinet*," so the chief thing which had struck our tourists was some attempt at being funny on the part of the verger of the Cathedral when, it seems, they had, with genuine tourist impertinence, been trying to find out whether he really believed in the Holy Coat or not. From Trier and the church discourse turned to Coblenz and the army. A tale was told of brutal insolence on the part of a German officer towards a civilian of his own nation, which we forbear telling, because very likely it is not true, and because the beauty of the story lies in the comments, which are of exactly the same value whether the story be true or false. The British father remarked that "the Prussians seem to treat the Germans at Coblenz like a conquered people." A daughter, evidently with a certain glimmering of facts, at least as compared with her parent, put in, "But there are as many Germans in the army as there are Prussians." Then, after some less distinct sayings, came the general agreement of the family circle, "But the Prussians have done so much for the Germans that they must put up with a good deal from their hands"—the particular story told being just the kind of thing with which no people ought to put up at the hands either of strangers or of countrymen. Now what kind of people can these be who cross the sea and go a long way into strange lands, and yet, neither before they set out nor while they are on their touring, find out anything better than this about the history and geography of the lands through which they are passing? Do they fairly represent the great British public and its literary representative, the general reader? Does Mr. Reeve, for instance, believe that to oppose Prussians to Germans is a logical division, like opposing either Prussians or Germans to Frenchmen or Spaniards? Was the *Times* in this state of mind when, not so many years ago, it told us, as the last piece of news, that Prussia had just joined the *Zollverein*? If any of these personages were evil entreated by natives, say of Yorkshire or of Devonshire, would they say that Yorkshiresmen or Devonshiresmen dealt with the English as with a conquered people? If they would not, the one alternative conjecture to which we are driven is one somewhat farfetched. The British public is, perhaps excusably, misled by the contrast between the maps of the last century, which show only a small Prussia lying outside a large Germany, and the maps from 1815 to 1866, which show Prussia increased by a large slice of the Germany of the earlier map. Perhaps indeed the general reader and his literary purveyors may look on the Prussian conquerors of Germany as being still the awful Paynim dogs on whom the Teutonic knights made war, speakers of verbs in *mi* and worshippers of Perkuns the God of Thunder. What if the Holy Coat, about which the British father made merry with the verger, should be displaced in favour of some heathen fetish? What if the minister of Köln should be finished only to be dedicated to some idol brought from a land yet further east than that from which Sir Walter Scott so kindly imported Zernebock for the worship of our own forefathers?

Perhaps, however, we may have to put up with a simpler explanation. It is evident that Messrs. Bradshaw and Co., who, as we conceive, are great authorities with the tourist world, are of this remarkable way of thinking as regards Germans and Prussians, or rather of a way of thinking yet more remarkable. A glimpse at the work of the great practical geographers revealed to us a still more wonderful notion of logical division than that of our tourist in Frankenland. They give their readers the time-tables of the three classes of "German Railways," "Prussian Railways," and "*Hessische* [*sic*] Railways." If "*Hessische*," why not also "*Preussische*" it might be unbecoming in us to ask. But the division makes it not unlikely that some traveller who is lucky in his company may some day come in for a Hessian, as well as a Prussian, conquest of Germany. Such a theory might sound hard on the nearest approach that Germany can show to *autochthones* or *aborigines*, on those Chatti who boast that they, alone of all the Teutonic tribes, have ever since stayed in the place where history first shows them. But supposing that an officer of any kind in the service of the Grand Duke of Hessen should deal with a citizen of Mainz as badly as the Prussian officer is said to have dealt with the citizen of Coblenz, what comment could the British tourist make on the fact, except that "the Hessians treated the Germans like a conquered people"?

One note more of Tourist Talk. The description of the offence committed, or said to have been committed, at Coblenz was accompanied by a further statement that from Coblenz to some other point on the Rhine was a "very pleasant ride." Now if the journey was made either by the railway or by the slower process of the Imperial post, far be it from us to complain of its being spoken of as a "ride." To turn to our old-fashioned standard on such points, we find that righteous Joseph and wicked Ahab and the mixed character Jehu, with his friend Jehonadab, are all recorded to have "ridden" in chariots. But if the discourse was rightly reported to us, the ride was done on board a Rhine steamer. Such a flight at once raises the British tourist to the level of Icelandic scalds and Old-English chroniclers. We commend this new form of an ancient metaphor to Mr. Brown, author of *Pöseidon*. And we cannot help suggesting that, in memory of such a metaphor, one of the inland horses of the wave, one of the "*yð-hengestas*" of the great German river, should for the future bear, instead of the names of human and living princes, the more attractive title of the Hippopotamus.

THE IRISH VOTE.

THE Keogh debate sputtered itself out in the small hours of yesterday morning, and the advocates of priestly intimidation have the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Justice Keogh's judgment has been sustained by a large majority in the House of Commons. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the Home Rulers and the clerical party, who are just now in alliance, will fail to extract political capital from this subject for use at the elections; and they have not lost sight of the fact that there is a large body of Irish Roman Catholic voters on this side of St. George's Channel. Everybody knows what the Irish vote means in the great towns of the United States; and it is not improbable that before long we may see something like it established in our own country. We are now beginning to realize some of the consequences of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Act. At first its operation was naturally slow and gradual, and to those who looked only at the surface it seemed as if the leap in the dark had been not much of a descent after all, and solid ground had been soon and safely reached. In point of fact, the classes who were suddenly invested with supreme power have only been learning by degrees the extent of their authority, and the best means of turning it to account; or rather, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that skilful agitators and wire-pullers have been discovering the value of the weapon so temptingly placed at their disposal, and have been making their arrangements accordingly. It is stated that on Monday Archbishop Manning, supported by fifteen priests, presided at a meeting in London, which he had convened for the purpose of forming an Association for the registration of Roman Catholic voters, and at which it was arranged that the priest of each "mission" station should be chairman of an election committee. The Irish Home Rule Association has also had a meeting at Manchester as a bid for the Irish vote. The speakers were not men of mark, and the speeches threw very little light on the objects of the Association; but it was made abundantly clear that an attempt would be made to organize the Irish of the large towns into a compact voting power, which would be under the direction of leaders, and could be used as occasion required. Mr. Kenrick, who appears to be an agent of the Home Rule Association, and who had just returned from a tour of political inspection, assured his countrymen that in the great constituencies they could always turn the balance of parties if they exerted themselves, and the result of his calculations was that "in the great strongholds of what was called Liberalism in England, in all the large towns, the Irishmen could dictate to the present Ministry, or any other Ministry who should be candidates at the next elections." In the Midlands, in the West Riding, and in Lancashire the Irish had, he said, enormous influence if they would only use it in concert. In every large town there ought to be an Irish party which should belong neither to the Liberals nor to the Conservatives, but should support whichever side offered the best terms. This is not perhaps a very pleasant prospect, especially when it is remembered what have been the results of the Irish vote in America; but it is obvious that the Irish have the same right as other people to make the most of their voting power, and nothing can be more legitimate, in a sense, than the proposed combination. The Home Rulers have been accused of being only Fenians in disguise, and the Fenian proclivities of the Irish population of Manchester are sufficiently notorious. But it is clearly something gained that Fenians, if there are any left, should unite for the purpose of sending members to represent them

in-Parliament, and to argue in favour of their peculiar views, instead of shooting down policemen in the streets, and getting up another attack on Chester Castle. The worst thing about Fenianism was its violence; take away the violence, and, however foolish and impracticable, it is only a lawful form of agitation like the Teetotallers' Alliance, the Liberation Society, or the league of hysterical females who insist upon the unrestricted propagation of disease. Sir George Bowyer, who presided at the meeting, and who will not be suspected of Fenian sympathies, though it may perhaps be assumed that a Knight of Malta would not engage in a movement which did not promise well for the Pope, observed that they had come to reason with their fellow-citizens quietly and in the most logical manner. He added that they demanded Home Rule as a right, and would have it, which sounds rather like "No compulsion, only you must"; but perhaps this was only an oratorical flourish. The resolutions which were passed were strictly peaceful; they called for the establishment of "a native Parliament of Ireland"—meaning, we suppose, in Ireland—as an Imperial necessity, pledging the meeting to support only candidates who would vote for Home Rule, and expressing satisfaction at the recent action of Irish constituencies in this respect. Professor Galbraith explained that what the Home Rule Association aimed at was a federal union between Ireland and the rest of the empire, Ireland having the management of her own internal affairs, while the Imperial Parliament continued to regulate all questions of Imperial policy, such as defence, colonies, and foreign affairs. He disclaimed, on the part of the Association, the presumption of proposing a cut and dried Constitution; and some commotion was caused by a succeeding speaker, who invited the Home Rulers to state candidly what they were driving at. Professor Galbraith declared that they had nothing to conceal; but it would obviously not be worth while to revolutionize the Constitution if the practical result is to be nothing more than a slight rearrangement of parochial details.

This is really the gist of the whole question. To establish in Dublin a Parliament of two Houses which should be only a kind of large Vestry and Local Board of Works, would be to revive old traditions which have lost their meaning, and to open the door for endless confusion and squabbling as to the proper limits of local jurisdiction, and the relations between the local authorities and the Imperial Government. Such an assembly as the Home Rulers profess to want would not be a Parliament in the ordinary sense of the word, and to call it a Parliament would only be misleading and mischievous. It is not unnatural that Irishmen should desire that Dublin should be the capital of the Empire, and that Parliament should meet there instead of in London; but as the Imperial Government must fix its seat somewhere, and cannot be in several places at once, the choice of the capital must be determined by considerations of general convenience. Short of establishing the Sovereign and Parliament on the banks of the Liffey, nothing would satisfy those who indulge in sentimental rhapsodies about Ireland being a subject kingdom governed by an alien race from a foreign capital. There can be no doubt that Parliament is every year getting to be more overwhelmed with work, and that there is a great deal of local business, not merely Irish, but English and Scotch business, which is sadly neglected. Whether any means can be devised of relieving Parliament of some of its work, and giving wider powers to local bodies, is a subject which may be usefully considered by the Government during the recess. But this, as we have said, is not exclusively an Irish grievance; it is an inconvenience which presses quite as hardly on Englishmen and Scotchmen. Sir George Bowyer thinks that an Irish Parliament should be specially established to discuss such matters as the conduct of Mr. Justice Keogh, and no doubt such a Parliament as Sir George and his clerical friends have in view might be trusted to make very short work with any judge who dared to enforce the law against the priests—that is, if any law were left which could be enforced against them. It is possible to conceive a Parliament more usefully employed than in revising judicial decisions in a spirit of political or religious partisanship. Mr. Martin announced that the Irish were grievously wronged because so many of them were "compelled to leave the land they loved, and to come to England to earn an honest livelihood by honest hard work." It has generally been supposed that they are attracted hither by the prospect of higher wages and better fare, and it can hardly be the honesty of the livelihood thus placed within their reach to which Mr. Martin objects. The assertion that "England has never given a fair chance to Ireland" is disproved by Mr. Martin's own admissions; and by the number of Irishmen in the military and civil services. On the basis of population, the Irish have by far the largest share of public employments, though it would no doubt be better for them if they were less anxious to be provided for by the State. Mr. Sullivan of the *Nation* professed to believe that the religious differences of Irishmen were entirely due to the machinations of "the minions and miscreants of Dublin Castle"; and there is, no doubt, equally good reason to suppose that these miscreants are also responsible for the resistance which has been offered by the Roman Catholic gentry of Galway to the political intimidation of the priesthood. For the present there is an alliance between the priests and the patriots, but the success of their campaign would be the beginning of discord.

One of the resolutions passed at the meeting proclaimed that until there was a native Parliament in Dublin "no permanent contentment or prosperity can be expected in Ireland." The Irish may be resolute and impregnable in their discontent, but it would

appear that they are unable to resist the insidious advances of national prosperity. The Lord Lieutenant, who has just opened two new docks at Belfast, states that the savings of the country have during the last five years been increasing at the rate of a million per annum, and the expenditure by about half as much. Under the Land Act no less than 80,000*l.* was advanced up to July to purchase holdings; while in 1871 and 1872, 82,500*l.* was advanced for improvements in land, and more than half of it for buildings. At the same time drunkenness and crime were decreasing. A Report has been issued by the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland which also contains some very striking evidence. The Inspector for Carlow reports that labourers' wages have increased to nearly double what they were twelve years ago. From Tipperary and Clare there is a similar report. Labourers can now command not only good wages, but improved dwellings, and the Inspector anticipates that "the difficulty of getting labourers, even at fifty per cent. advance on the rate of wages paid ten or twelve years since, unless suitable habitations are provided for them, will increase every year." Mr. Prendergast, Inspector for the North-Western District, says that he finds more attention paid everywhere to the question of improved dwellings and offices for farmers and labourers. "The improvement in all newly constructed dwellings is accompanied," he adds, "by an equally marked change in dress, furniture, and food among the farming classes; and in the smaller towns supported altogether by the agricultural population there are now permanent shops with meat and bread, where such supplies were only to be procured once a week on market-days when I first acted for the Board in this part of Ireland. The consumption of tea, coffee, and sugar is so much increased in the farming districts that a great portion of labourers' wages is expended on them, and shops with modern imported articles of dress are now well supported in the same towns and villages where no such things were seen prior to the potato failure." New banks have been established for the farmers. The breed of live stock of all kinds—cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry—has vastly improved. The prices of all farming produce, especially of the butter, pigs, eggs, and poultry sold by the small farmers, have risen considerably, and "the use of money is better understood by the rural population." These reports are in accordance with other testimony; and the prosperity of the country will be still further increased if the Government see their way to take up the railways, and improve the means of transit. The quiet progress of Ireland is the best antidote, as well as the most conclusive answer, to the wild projects of the Home Rule agitators.

THE COMING AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

THE second of those peace campaigns the institution of which marks an important change in our military system will begin in a few days, and already some of the troops which are to take part in the mimic struggle on Salisbury Plain are marching to their destination. This is, therefore, a fitting moment for considering what we are about to attempt, and what results we may hope to obtain. We are entitled to anticipate a considerable improvement on the operations which took place last autumn in the neighbourhood of Aldershot. Then every one was new to peace manœuvres, which were tried on that occasion for the first time in this country. Some little anxiety naturally prevailed as to how the civil population of the district selected might like the unusual military intrusion, nor was there much confidence in the power of the comparatively new Control Department to accomplish the work of transport and supply under conditions so new to it. The rules by which commanders and troops were to be bound were also to be put into practice for the first time, and it was impossible to predict whether or not they would be found applicable to the circumstances of the case. We had, in short, no previous experience of our own to guide us, and consequently moved with hesitating footsteps by the uncertain light of theory, or at best of vicarious practice. Now it is quite different. Last year's experiment, if it did nothing else, discovered our defects, and showed us pretty conclusively what we could not do. The rules of the game were tested, and materials for a revised edition of them collected. Officers and men learnt what was expected of them, and to a certain extent loosened the trammels of the barrack-yard, or at least made some progress towards distinguishing between spirit and mere form. Since then nearly twelve months have passed over our heads, and we have had time to digest our experience. The interval has also been profitably employed in pondering over the numerous lectures, magazine articles, and books to which our first attempt at rehearsing for war gave birth.

There still exists considerable diversity of opinion as to what our aim in these peace manœuvres should be. According to one school of critics we did not attempt enough last year; according to another we attempted too much. In our opinion the truth lies between the two extremes. One school holds that peace manœuvres ought to resemble war in every particular, with the single exception that in the latter wounds are inflicted, and not in the former. The advocates of this principle contend that the two rival commanders should be turned loose in the arena, untrammelled with directions, and merely told that such or such a place is their objective point. According to them, a consistent and connected campaign should be carried out, a retreating enemy harassed, a defeated foe pushed, night attacks undertaken, and all the minor operations of war

practised, such as intercepting convoys and cutting off patrols. Unless, say these ardent gentlemen, some such system be adopted, the thing will be a sham, and no real benefit can accrue. On the other hand, the disciples of the opposite school argue as follows:—You cannot practise strategy in peace manoeuvres by reason of the obvious expense, nor tactics because of the elimination of the moral element, which moral element cannot exist in the absence of danger. To attempt tactics under such necessarily unreal conditions is to commit an absurdity. You ought not to push a beaten enemy, for the practice of demoralization is dangerous training for troops, and if you intercept convoys, there is the risk of the contending parties coming to blows. The real profit of the campaign will therefore consist in the lessons afforded in organization and administration, in the art of moving, supplying, and encamping troops. There is much to be said in favour of these views. It is certain that a connected campaign and a consistent series of strategical movements carried out to the end are impossible for economic, if for no other, reasons. At the same time, however, we see no objection to allowing the rival generals at the commencement of the campaign to make use of their strategical skill with a view to bringing the two armies in contact in the most advantageous manner. The practice would be valuable, and the outlay need not be excessive. When once the armies were in presence, it would evidently be necessary to give a fresh "general idea" at the close of each day's work. As to tactics, it would be idle to pretend that without actual wounds and death anything more than a feeble imitation of a real battle can be accomplished. Still, with a little experience, both umpires and commanding officers might be able to form a conjecture as to what would be the result in war were troops brought into contact under such or such conditions.

It is urged, however, that nothing is to be learnt from tactics practised under unreal conditions, and that the lessons thus imparted will only be misleading. Yet we do not see that the practice of peace manoeuvres is incompatible with the correction of theory by practice on every available occasion; and if we are not to attempt to impart lessons in tactics during our autumn campaigns, how is the education of officers and men to be secured? Are we to put off learning till we go into battle? or are we to content ourselves with blindly adopting the Prussian system? To this last alternative there are several grave objections. Prussian tactics were not fairly tested in the late war—the first occasion on which breech-loader was pitted against breech-loader—for nothing could have been worse than the training, handling, and organization of even the old Imperial army. Many of our most experienced officers also maintain that if we copy the Prussian tactics too exactly, we shall be deliberately casting away certain advantages which are peculiar to ourselves, and which are due to the special qualities of the British soldier. In regard to pressing a defeated enemy, there cannot among thoughtful soldiers be any doubt as to the folly of such a proceeding in peace manoeuvres. A hurried retreat when the retiring troops are utterly free from the dejection caused by the fear of death or capture cannot possibly be anything but a most transparent sham. Besides, it is apt to engender unwholesome habits and notions, just as the practice of making cavalry pull up or open out when they charge squares is detrimental to real efficiency. When once a battle has been decided, the chief umpire ought to cast down his truncheon and declare the proceedings closed for the day. Defeat should never be allowed to develop itself into a theoretical annihilation or rout. The cutting off of convoys is equally objectionable. It might lead to real fighting, and would certainly be productive of bad blood, inconvenience, and expense. But it is not clear that the same arguments apply to the carrying off of detachments. We require practice in the minor operations of war, and there can be no more difficulty in deciding when a troop of dragoons has been taken prisoners than there has been found to be in determining when a battalion has been captured in action. For instance, a troop of cavalry returning from a reconnaissance finds itself followed by a squadron of the enemy's horsemen. Galloping down a road lined with hedges on each side, the troop suddenly comes in sight of a bridge, and discovers that it is held by another hostile squadron. In such a case, surrender would in war be inevitable. The benefits to be derived from experience in organization and administration are certainly great, but only on the condition that our efficiency in these things is tested to a certain extent as it would be in war; otherwise what is the object of supplementing Aldershot expeditions by autumn manoeuvres? Besides, unless there be a little realism in the operations, the interest and energy of all ranks cannot but flag, and officers and men will look on the campaign as no better than an unpleasant and prolonged sort of drill. The most cautious of those who have seasonably warned us against attempting or expecting too much in this matter will, we doubt not, freely acknowledge, that, within the limits of the practically possible, we cannot make our operations on Salisbury Plain too closely resemble those which would take place in real war. The more faithful the imitation, the more valuable will be the instruction imparted. If we reduced the campaign to a series of military promenades from camp to camp, the whole affair would be tame, a retrograde step would be taken, and the military enthusiasm, not of the army alone, but of the whole nation, would experience an injurious check. Such a result is much to be deprecated, and it would be worth while to expend a considerable sum and to put the Control to considerable inconvenience to avert it.

On the other hand, it is important to ascertain, before it is too

late, what is possible, and not to strive after that which either can never be properly accomplished or, if accomplished, would be positively baneful. Colonel Chesney has given us some valuable counsels on these points, and it would be well were the disciples of the more ardent school calmly to consider his advice, instead of each man mounting his hobby and rushing wildly off into baseless and fanciful theories. Thoughtless exaggeration can only serve as an excuse for the authorities to do less than that which they now propose to attempt. Even, however, should the contending armies be restrained from coming to close quarters with each other, there are several matters which the forthcoming manoeuvres ought to solve for us, and of which a solution is urgently required. At present our outpost system is very unsatisfactory. The directions in the "Field Exercise" and "Queen's Regulations" are vague and incomplete, as might have been gathered from the unfortunate exhibition which took place last year. A committee of able officers have recently compiled a handbook on the subject, and its contents are to be put into practice in the approaching campaign. Then again there is the question of the tactical organization and distribution of troops. We have arrived at absolutely no decision on these points, yet that the old system requires change is admitted by most authorities. Ere two months shall have passed away, the thoughtful members of the profession ought to have data for deciding what should be the number and strength of the companies of a battalion, of the battalions of a brigade, of the brigades of a division. Many officers think that we might with advantage definitively adopt the demi-brigade, corresponding to the regiment in Continental armies. We tried the experiment last year, but not a word, good or bad, has since been said about it. We are in a perfect mental chaos as to how we should distribute and employ the cavalry. Hitherto we have been content to lump them together and make as little use of them as possible. By the close of the campaign some new principles on this head will no doubt have been developed. Our artillery have obtained rank and independence, but independence requires regulating in order to prevent it from degenerating into license. Then there is the very important question, What is the best fighting dress for our soldiers? A month's hard work ought to supply an answer. Indeed there is no lack of matters requiring the elucidation which experience alone can give. Altogether it will be the fault of the authorities if we do not derive much benefit from our second autumn manoeuvres. The amount of profit to be obtained depends upon a careful distinction being observed between that which might be done at a sham-fight, and that which could not be done in war. Unless that distinction be observed, and full weight be given to moral considerations, we may have a smart, active, showy peace campaign, but it will be no real training for actual hostilities.

TWO LIBEL CASES.

TWO actions for libel have been tried lately at the Guildford Assizes, and in both cases the defendant has escaped an adverse verdict. It may be useful to observe that circumstances may not always be equally favourable to the defence, and that, even if it be successful, it involves trouble, anxiety, and expense, which are perhaps an adequate punishment for publishing that which may have been written under natural irritation. In one of these cases, Mr. Leonard Edmunds sued the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* for damages for publishing a Minute of the Lords of the Treasury relating to his litigation with the Crown. "My Lords" were reasonably angry that Mr. Edmunds should owe a large sum of money to the Crown which they probably did not expect that he would pay, and, like some other angry persons, they felt called upon to "offer a few remarks," which might conveniently have been suppressed. If A. finds that B. has got into his debt and is unable to pay him, it is not unusual, although it is unsafe, for A. to say that B. has "robbed" him. We all understand that A. does not really mean to impute a felony to B., but if he wrote and published that B. had robbed him, he might find himself under the disagreeable necessity of appearing at his own expense in a court of law. If he were lucky he might obtain a verdict, but the more probable result would be a verdict against him, with very minute damages, which would leave him to pay his own costs.

The circumstances out of which the action against the *Daily Telegraph* arose are only too familiar to us all. Mr. Edmunds held during many years the office of Clerk of the Patents, and thus became accountable to the Crown for a large sum of money. He alleges that the neglect to bring his accounts to audit did not rest with him, and that if these accounts were correctly taken, the balance would be in his favour. He paid over a sum of 7,000*l.* and upwards, and challenged litigation as to any further claims of the Crown against him. An information was filed by the Attorney-General in Chancery, and after an elaborate argument before Vice-Chancellor the late Sir G. M. Giffard, two principal points were decided against Mr. Edmunds. But this able judge accompanied his adverse judgment with a very distinct declaration that no imputation rested on the character of Mr. Edmunds. It is indeed difficult to see any difference between this and other cases where a litigant has made claims which he fails to support. According to a statute quoted by Mr. Baron Martin at the trial, it was the duty of Mr. Edmunds not to wait for any process of audit, but to pay over the balance in his hands every three months, making oath at the same time to the correctness of his accounts. For a long period Mr. Edmunds neither made up accounts nor paid over

balances, but if he had done so he would probably have proceeded upon that view of his rights and duties which his counsel unsuccessfully asserted in the Court of Chancery. That view has been declared by an eminent judge to be erroneous, but Mr. Edmunds can hardly be accused of moral turpitude in entertaining it. The Vice-Chancellor gave no costs against Mr. Edmunds, and this fact declares more forcibly than words that he did not consider his conduct liable to censure. The judgment did not, however, finally settle all disputed points, and Mr. Edmunds addressed to the Treasury a proposal for arbitration between himself and the Crown, which was accepted. Two eminent members of the Bar were appointed arbitrators, and they performed their duty with all the care and impartiality that might be expected. They found that a sum of 8,000*l.* was due from Mr. Edmunds to the Crown beyond the sum of 7,000*l.* which he had paid over, and they recommended that the Crown should allow him certain sums to which he was not legally entitled, and which would reduce the amount payable by him to about 6,500*l.* The award was a dry legal document, pronouncing no opinion favourable or otherwise upon Mr. Edmunds's conduct; but when it reached the Treasury "my Lords" unfortunately felt called upon to offer a few remarks upon it, which were printed and transmitted by direction of the Secretary of the Treasury to the newspapers. The author of the Minute thus produced appears to have attempted, with very moderate success, an imitation of the style of a leading article. If the award of the arbitrators had been sent with an explanatory statement of facts, without comment, to the *Daily Telegraph*, the resources of that journal would have sufficed to produce a "stinger" on the conduct of Mr. Edmunds without the help of an official scribe, and these resources would doubtless have been made available on the smallest hint from the "whip" of a Liberal Administration. There is an old proverb against keeping a dog and barking yourself, which appears applicable to the conduct of the Treasury on this occasion. They were, however, fully entitled to vindicate the character of their solicitor, Mr. Greenwood, who had been attacked by Mr. Edmunds, and also to promulgate to the Civil Service a rule forbidding the practice which Mr. Edmunds had adopted of making to himself an allowance in account to which he was not entitled. But they should have stopped here, and left further comment to the ready writers of the press, who know their own business better than the Treasury can teach it. To call Mr. Edmunds "a public defaulter," and say that he had put his hand into the till, was merely coarse vituperation. This offensive phrase refers to the very matter in respect of which the arbitrators recommended that Mr. Edmunds should be allowed the deduction which he had actually made from the money in his hands. The writer of this unpleasant passage probably stood alone in admiration of his own work, and was unaware that a journalist would have operated much more neatly upon the character of Mr. Edmunds. The Minute bore the initials of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Stansfeld, who were all brought down to Guildford as witnesses, but, much to the disappointment of a crowded Court, were not examined. It would have been interesting to hear whether Mr. Gladstone was aware of the contents of the Minute which he initialled, and how he reconciled the portions challenged as libellous with the judgment of Vice-Chancellor Giffard which was delivered in the previous year, and which covered the entire moral ground. The result of the trial was a verdict for the defendant, which was perhaps helped by the folly of the plaintiff in charging with misconduct everybody who had ever been concerned against him. There are actions pending against two other newspapers which may perhaps be tried hereafter. If the plaintiff could be induced to behave discreetly, he might possibly obtain a verdict in his favour from another jury under the direction of another judge. But it is difficult to believe that he would obtain substantial damages. He doubtless thinks that he could prove that which he asserts, namely, that he owes nothing to the Crown; but any jury would probably accept the award as conclusive against him on this point, and would consider that the Lords of the Treasury had only stated facts in an offensive manner. It may have been wrong to compose this Minute, and more wrong on the part of the Treasury to publish it, and yet the result of the trial need not excite disapprobation or regret.

In the other case the litigants were clergymen, and the alleged libel referred to the solemnization of the marriage of a divorced woman by one of them in the church of the other. It was contained in a letter which was written under circumstances of excitement, and might properly have been thrown into the fire instead of being forwarded to its destination; but nevertheless the jury found a verdict in this case also for the defendant, and as he will probably have to bear his own costs, he will be sufficiently punished for what was clearly an indiscretion. The plaintiff, Mr. McDonnell, who was acting as curate of Lower Norwood, called upon Mr. Kempe, rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and asked his permission to solemnize at that church a marriage between two persons residing in the parish. Mr. Kempe gave his permission, and on the appointed day the parties appeared at the church and produced a licence which showed that the intended wife had been divorced. The intended husband had been co-respondent with her in the divorce suit. The clerk showed the licence to Mr. Kempe, who thereupon became excited, and complained in strong language of the proposed "desecration" of his church. But after reference to the Divorce Act he became satisfied that he could not prevent

the marriage, and permitted it to proceed. On the same day he wrote a letter to the Bishop of Winchester, who was Mr. McDonnell's diocesan, and after truly stating the facts of the case, he added his own inference from them in a passage which formed the alleged libel. He stated in substance that Mr. McDonnell had practised concealment, and had entrapped him into giving his consent to a marriage which he strongly disapproved. Now it is true that Mr. McDonnell when he called upon Mr. Kempe did not mention the peculiar position of the parties to the proposed marriage, and it may be said that he concealed that which he did not reveal. But if Mr. Kempe had been told that the woman had been divorced, and had thereupon objected, as he certainly would, to her being married in his church, he would have found on inquiry that his objection would be unavailing. If he refused to perform the ceremony, any other clergyman qualified to officiate in the diocese might perform it; and Mr. Kempe did not dispute, and the judge at the trial held, that Mr. McDonnell was so qualified. Mr. Kempe had the parties before him on the morning appointed for the marriage, and he knew the facts and looked into the law, and allowed the marriage to proceed. How then could he say that he had been "entrapped" into giving his consent? If he was "entrapped" into giving his consent on a previous day, he had full opportunity to revoke that consent on the day of the marriage. But, either with or without his consent, the parties were legally entitled to be married. It appears, therefore, that taking the words used by Mr. Kempe in their ordinary sense, they expressed an inference which he was not justified in drawing from the facts which he had before stated. In this view of the letter to the Bishop of Winchester it contained a libel, but when we come to consider what damage was done to the plaintiff by the libel, it is obvious to remark that the Bishop did that which might be expected from him—that is, he formed his own judgment upon the facts brought to his knowledge, and in the result he inhibited Mr. McDonnell from doing duty within his diocese. It is hardly possible to doubt that the Bishop would have arrived at the same conclusion if the passage alleged to be libellous had been omitted from Mr. Kempe's letter. If this view be adopted, it seems to follow that the damages, assuming that there was a libel, ought to have been nominal. There was, however, a further complaint, which, not having been inserted in the declaration, the jury were told that they ought not to consider. Besides writing a letter to the Bishop, Mr. Kempe sent a copy of his letter to the Bishop to the managers of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, and an allowance which Mr. McDonnell received from that fund was thereupon withdrawn. How far the managers of the Fund may have been influenced by the alleged libel we do not know, but it appears that, as Mr. McDonnell must have ceased to act as curate of Lower Norwood upon the Bishop's inhibition, his allowance from the Augmentation Fund must have been thereby also terminated. Thus Mr. McDonnell could hardly have got beyond nominal damages upon the most full and favourable view of his case. Happily there are two sides to every question, and many people probably think, although we do not think, that he has been refused justice. The very fact that he has been inhibited by the Bishop of Winchester may be in some quarters a recommendation. His litigation, although unsuccessful, may prove to have profitably ventilated his grievances, and thus the money which he has spent in law may not have been thrown away. We cannot say the same of the time which the judge and jury devoted to the case.

HOLIDAY PERILS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IF travelling abroad is as dangerous as it would seem to be from recent correspondence in the papers, and if travellers have a proper regard for the interests of their families, the Accidental Death Insurance Company should be doing a tremendous business. There always has been more danger attendant on foreign travel, according to nervous tourists and disinterested innkeepers, than thoughtless people are apt to fancy. It is true that foreign railway companies have not, as a rule, adopted our spirited excursion system, which results in such dramatic and disastrous catastrophes. It is also true that from the nature of things it is next to impossible to upset an antediluvian diligence, and that even in the mountains the instinct of the horses induces them to keep to the roads instead of flying Pegasus-like over the precipices. But there are other perils than those inseparable everywhere from road or rail. If they rarely condense themselves into a well-authenticated paragraph, they have always loomed in the distance with a vague delicious horror. Picturesque medievalism still survives in imaginations stimulated by novelty, of scene. Brigands are more common than is generally supposed, nor need you go so far to find them as the classic precincts of Athens or the blessed Patrimony of St. Peter. If you show a romantic turn for adventure, the sharp boots of the hotel, the red-nosed and voluble conductor of the diligence, or the affable oldest inhabitant of the village of your sojourn, will provide you a brigand anywhere upon a mountain frontier at a moment's notice. As each little bath in the Pyrenees numbers its bear in the neighbouring forest among the attractions of its summer, and as each guide exerts himself to make clear to your duller vision the izzards skipping upon the neighbouring hills, so diligences and vetturinos have been stopped season after season even on the

Inn and the Adige for the benefit of those who knew Italy to be the land of brigands as of lazzaroni. More formidable than the brigands were the epidemic pestilences that walked by noonday, and were so loudly deplored in every journal of the country save those of the particular place which they were decimating. A coincidence occurred somewhere, say at Nice, between a virulent case of typhoid fever and a letter to the *Times* from a keen-scented traveller in search of grievances, who had stumbled upon drains and open gutters. The unsavoury subject was forthwith ventilated thoroughly. The return of post brought a shower of confirmatory communications from the doomed place by fathers of families whose affections took the alarm. If the landlords were ill advised enough to rush into the controversy, they were overwhelmed with circumstantial evidence from relatives bereaved or dreading a bereavement. The panic spread and the exodus became general. Travellers coming westward were warned at Mentone, those with their faces eastward were shocked by the startling news at Cannes. They held their breath as they hurried through the plague-stricken city—we are talking of days before railways—and wrote home letters from Marseilles or Genoa recording their heartfelt gratitude for a miraculous deliverance, and advertising incidentally to the cool heroism that had carried them through. Perhaps, after all, the mortality that emptied the hotels and tested the courage which responded so nobly to the call was not very serious. Rumour and the representations of interested rivals may have magnified a hundredfold some half-dozen sporadic cases of typhoid and gastric fever. And such we should have supposed was the case with those novel dangers to which we referred at the outset, had the gossip about them appeared a few weeks later. But the admission of long-winded letters into the daily journals during the crush of work that precedes the prorogation of Parliament is a symptom so significant that one is half inclined to believe there must be something in it. It is a grave reflection for persons intending to go abroad if life has all of a sudden become so exceedingly precarious in their favourite Swiss recreation ground.

Accidents in the high Alps have of course no terrors for ordinary tourists. People court a certain risk if they choose to leave beaten paths and to pick their way along invisible notches on ice slopes, or to balance themselves on the brinks of yawning crevasses. But nowadays it would seem that ordinary mountain villages are become as perilous of access as the *Jardin* at Chamounix, to say the least of it. One melancholy accident happened at Tarasp, in the Engadine. A pair of horses took fright on a steep descent; two ladies were precipitated over the precipice with the waggon into which they were buttoned, and the driver only saved himself from following by nimbly leaping off at the last moment. Carriage accidents will happen, even on level ground, and had horses taken fright in Piccadilly, and dashed the contents of an open phaeton against the railings by Cambridge House, no one would have dreamed of generalizing from the fact and preaching to foreigners upon the unquestionable dangers of the London streets. But this mishap occurred in a wilder country, had undoubtedly more of the dramatic element in it, and was far better fitted to strike the impressionable fancy. So an Englishman staying at the place seems to have welcomed the painful excitement that came to break the monotony of his sojourn, and straightway started on a reconnoitring expedition to the fatal spot. Every one must have remarked how facts with which we have always been familiar may be made to strike us of a sudden like absolute novelties. It was borne in upon this Englishman, musing much and deeply, that the Engadine is a jumble of mountains, and that the roads to a wild mountain village are environed by dangers which you may escape on the routes of the Low Countries. Forthwith he embodies this original idea in a letter, and promptly forwards it to the journals as a warning to intending travellers. Time presses; multitudes every day are arranging the plans that may lead them to Switzerland or the Tyrol. So he discharges his conscience by urging every one to stay away until the Swiss mountaineers shall have taken more stringent precautions for the safety of their guests. We know the proverb about Rome and the Romans, and if a man decides to go to Tarasp, he should be prepared to travel to it by the roads that have carried people in safety from time immemorial. As a matter of fact, we gather from a letter written by the resident English chaplain there that those roads are neither more nor less dangerous than most others in the Alps. We can only wish that our well-meaning but nervous countryman were well out of the scrape into which his audacious rashness has run him. We trust he may retrace his road in safety, although we tremble for him when we remember the leagues of hill and the depths of precipice that lie between him and the nearest railway. But we do not think that old ladies who admire Swiss scenery need be greatly scared by his pictures of the country. So far as our experience goes, tragical carriage accidents are not of much more frequent occurrence there than the appearance of bears in summer in the Lower Pyrenees, or of brigand chieftains in the Italian Alps. What is worse is that, according to our latest intelligence, the cities are becoming almost more perilous than the remote Alpine districts. It is bad enough to face the chance of sudden destruction overtaking you on a pleasure drive; but the prospect of brutal assassination is still more repugnant to the feelings. We used to fancy that although the mediæval Swiss made bloodshed and fighting everyday matters of business, and although their modern descendants were somewhat given to pillaging when they did the honours to the stranger as guides, couriers, and hotelkeepers, yet the people generally were as peaceful and honest as need be. Now, however,

we are warned, if we do venture ourselves in their capital, never to stir abroad after nightfall, as if respectable Berne were a city in the Pacific mining States. But, after all, this is only another case of rash generalization from a particular mishap to sweeping conclusions. An unfortunate Englishman who had been passing the evening with a friend was picked up next morning shattered and mutilated at the foot of an open-air stair-case. He had either fallen down or been flung down, and it may be that the balance of evidence is in favour of the more sinister alternative. But should we expect a sensible decrease in the numbers of visitors to London on account of the many violent deaths that are never accounted for; because unclaimed bodies of well-dressed women are every now and then found floating in the canal and the river; because gangs of garotters used to patrol our suburbs before their industry was checked by a generous application of the cat? There is a large class of travelling Englishmen who go about searching for the moles in their neighbours' eyes, and grumbling at them in a way that is alike offensive and ridiculous, considering the many conspicuous beams which they might easily find at home. So long as they are contented to growl at harmless eccentricities of national custom we can afford to smile; but it is difficult to keep one's temper when they do their best to injure an unoffending country by shrieking as if they were hurt when they are only frightened.

Were these grumblers to go out with our masses on a popular holiday, they might have reason for lifting up their voices against the risks to which holiday-makers expose themselves. The memorable New Cross accident which shook the nerves and spines of a trainful of licensed victuallers, and swallowed the best part of a great Company's half-yearly dividend, is an example of the perils of our excursion trains. People are penned up in superannuated rolling-stock, and are launched recklessly behind broken-winded engines to run the gauntlet of the ordinary traffic. The chances of disaster are, however, a recognized incident of railway travelling; and the passengers, or their surviving relatives, have their remedy, such as it is, in actions at law, and may insure themselves besides, all things considered, on wonderfully reasonable terms. But not a holiday passes without a number of lives being wantonly hazarded, lives which we presume are worth something to their owners, if not to society; and if these festive occasions do not appreciably swell the returns of mortality, it can only be that a special Providence watches over our excursionists. When they go pleasuring in winter in a frost, young men and maidens crowd on the most treacherous ice, and skate and slide by choice within the limits marked "dangerous." In summer time, of course, they go up the river and down to the sea. They bathe in contempt of tides, currents, and submerged weeds, and disport themselves just within their depth as if they had been bred to the water like mermen or South Sea islanders. They hire a miniature pleasure yacht for a party, and overcrowd it as if it were a free box at the theatre. They leave the boatmen behind, to economize money and available space. They make fast the sheet like Claude Halcro, and, like him, they play the fiddle or *petits jeux innocents*. A puff of wind takes them all unawares, and they furnish materials for the penny-a-liners. It is wonderful that river accidents are not even commoner than they are, and a sensible article which appeared the other day in the *Times* called attention to the way in which holiday-makers lay themselves out for them. In a maritime nation like our own, every cockney fancies himself a mariner born. Accordingly oarsmen who have no idea of trimming a boat, who pull on Mr. Bouncer's principle of putting their oars in deep and bringing them out with a jerk, who catch far more crabs than the anglers in the punts do gudgeon, hire the crankiest craft they can find, and make themselves as much at home in them as a bear in a washing-tub. They put out among lighters, and racing eight-oars, and yawing screw-launches, and swift above-bridge steamers. Had they all the river to themselves they would find it hard enough to keep afloat, for their oars have a tendency to fly up in the air, instead of establishing a leverage in the water, while steamers go recklessly ahead, overweighted with their human freight, as if they were bent on running down a fleet of hostile war canoes. Our metropolitan coroners have no sinecures at any time, but it can only be by a sort of miracle that a national holiday does not provide them with double occupation. Alarmists might do some good were they to set themselves to teach their countrymen prudence. When they might employ their special gifts in so fertile a field at home, it is a pity they should waste them in a country so barren as Switzerland.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

THE Annual Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy derives special interest from the proposal lately made to subject habitual drunkards to restraint and treatment similar to that which is now applied to lunatics. The number of lunatics now under supervision of the Commissioners is about 58,000, and there seems never to be an end to the demands for increased accommodation. But if an attempt were made to bring habitual drunkards under treatment, there must be separate asylums, and a fresh body of Commissioners, and an entirely new and necessarily costly organization. The lunatic asylums are full, and even overcrowded, and if they were not, it would be inexpedient to place habitual drunkards among lunatics. The plan of placing habitual drunkards in confinement has been seriously advocated, but we have no expectation that Parliament will embark on an under-

taking of great magnitude which would provoke violent suspicion and dislike. The anxious care with which the Commissioners in Lunacy watch against the possibility of abuse of the powers of keepers of asylums is by no means superfluous, and if another large class of patients were brought under similar treatment, it would require to be supervised with equal diligence. The attention of the Commissioners is bestowed alike upon questions of medico-legal science and details of domestic management, and if the ladies of England claimed a share in the labours of this Commission, it would be difficult to deny their superior capacity for some of the duties which devolve upon the Commissioners. The Report upon the Somerset County Asylum expresses the wish that, as this asylum has now been brought by judicious exertions to a level with some of the best, "it will not remain behind even the worst by serving such a sufficient dinner as we saw yesterday without a table-cloth." The culinary arrangements of these asylums are always carefully inspected by the Commissioners, who are almost equally attentive to what may be called their æsthetic aspect. We are told that the Somerset Asylum has been improved by the introduction of suitable domestic furniture, flowers, plants, stuffed birds, and pictures, as well as by cheerful colouring and painting of the walls. It is one of the duties of the Commissioners to visit the kitchens and dining-halls and examine and taste the food, and we think that they would perform this duty with more ease and confidence if they were allowed to take their wives with them on their journeys of inspection. The Commissioners do not grasp this subject with the vigour and determination that could be desired, and there is an unsatisfactory hesitation in the expression of their opinions upon domestic matters. "The food seemed to be well cooked." If the reporting Commissioners had had their wives with them, they might have boldly declared in Hamlet's words that they knew not "seems." We observe, however, that in another case they venture to say positively that "the mutton was too large and too fat to be satisfactory." Every man is, or thinks himself, a judge of meat when it appears on table, but the processes of preparing it are to the masculine mind an almost impenetrable mystery. The anxiety of the Commissioners for the amusement and gratification of the patients may appear excessive, and sometimes slightly ludicrous, but they doubtless proceed upon a sound principle. They say that the more pleasing and cheerful the wards and gardens are made by a supply of simple objects of decoration, the more orderly and contented will the patients become, and the less will be the waste and destruction. The report from every asylum is that mechanical restraint is rare, and in some there has been none during the period comprised in the report. "An ample supply of books, periodicals, and newspapers" exists almost everywhere. Mirrors and framed prints are plentiful, and in some asylums there is a hot-house where flowering plants are prepared for transmission to the various rooms occupied by patients. Some of the county asylums take boarders from other counties, and some receive parish patients, who of course contribute adequately to the expense of maintenance. We hear much in these reports of "associated amusements," which we believe means amusements in which patients of both sexes partake. The Commissioners had recommended the enlargement of the table in the general dining-room of the private division of an asylum, "so as to admit of the association of a certain number of ladies with the gentlemen"; but the manager explained to them that, in existing circumstances, and with the present staff of attendants, this proposal could not be carried out. This reference to the present staff of attendants is significant that the amenities of social intercourse, although generally maintained at the table of the general dining-room, may require a reserve of power for their support. The staff of attendants, while diligently handing plates, ought to observe and be prepared to check any eccentricities of behaviour among the company. But if the means of restraint are ready, the use of them may be to a very great extent avoided. Employment, amusement, and a system of rewards for orderly behaviour are the principal means of preserving discipline in these establishments. In some asylums all the patients who are in good health have beer at dinner, while in others it is given as an encouragement for good conduct. Dancing is frequently mentioned as one of the amusements of the patients, and on glancing over the pages of the Report, we observed the word "polka," which, however, on examining the passage where it occurred, turned out to have no reference to dancing, but to be a term of art signifying a jacket of peculiar construction sometimes used for purposes of restraint. This was certainly disappointing, but these Reports present on the whole a very agreeable picture. The patients do not, as a rule, murder either each other or their keepers, and they are kept from violence without mechanical restraint.

The contrast has been often dwelt upon between the present and the old system of treating lunatics, and it would be well if all the claims that are made on behalf of the nineteenth century to credit for progress were as well founded as this. Experience of the modern method of gentle management proves from year to year more satisfactorily its utility. Thus the Commissioners say in reference to the Rainhill Asylum that the favourable report which they now make upon it is due to the attention given to the employment of the patients, and to the other important subject of recreation and exercise out of doors. There is a fair supply of books in the wards; the provision of occasional amusements there, and of cricket, croquet, and other field games, is good; and the wants of the worst class of women patients have been lately

considered by the construction in the grounds of a sort of circus of hobby-horses, which seems to answer very well the combined purposes of entertainment and bodily exercise. The Commissioners have not to complain

But oh! But oh!
The hobby-horse is forgot.

There are perhaps women to be found outside the walls of lunatic asylums for whom a provision of entertainment and bodily exercise, by hobby-horses or otherwise, would be welcome. It is indeed wonderful that the energetic ladies who have invaded all the other provinces of man's dominion have allowed him hitherto almost exclusive possession of athletic sports. This, however, will not long continue. Already girls learn to swim and attempt to row, and there is in London at least one professor of what are called "musical gymnastics," which are, as we suppose, an attempt to do for the upper part of the body what dancing does, or might do, for the lower part. The Commissioners have discerned an important truth when they perceive the importance of exercise for women among themselves. But they perceive also, and declare likewise their opinion, that "associated amusements" are necessary to the welfare of the patients; and this observation, too, might be extended into the world which lies beyond the walls of these asylums. These amusements had not been so regular at Rainhill as they thought desirable. "There has been a picnic to Knowsley lately, in which two hundred of both sexes took part; but we think there should be for the season, at least once weekly, something corresponding to the regular winter dance or concert." Nearly the same practice prevails, with varieties of detail, in all the asylums visited by the Commissioners, and we cannot help remarking that the practice deserves attention by those sour fanatics who forbid amusements, and especially those in which both sexes combine, and thereby often produce among those who listen to them a state of mind bordering upon insanity.

The number of patients in the Criminal Asylum at Broadmoor in November last was 494, of whom 84 were women. It perhaps throws light upon certain judicial and semi-judicial proceedings to be told that at the time of the Commissioners' visit twenty-six inmates were reported to be sane, among whom were ten women who had committed the gravest crime known to the law. The means and opportunities of recreation and outdoor exercise have been enlarged at Broadmoor as everywhere else, and "greater attention is given to this important subject." A large number of the male patients are reported to be troublesome and disorderly, but it is added that the medical staff necessary for their supervision has been incomplete. Want of space is also mentioned as accounting for some observed imperfections in the treatment, and in all parts of the country there seems to be nearly the same demand for enlargement of buildings and improvement of fittings and furniture. Generally speaking, it is good economy to render hospitals of every kind as complete as possible in all respects, so that cures may be effected in them rapidly. It is manifest that almost any outlay that will render lunatics tractable ought to be incurred; and it may be inferred from this Report that the large sums expended in building asylums all over the country have been expended usefully. This may be satisfactory to ratepayers, who are certain to be called upon for further contributions towards the same object.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE opinion we expressed a year ago that these annual International Exhibitions must deteriorate in quality and lose attraction with loss of novelty is confirmed by the second experiment. In making the interminable circuit of Galleries, "Quadrants," and Annexes it is hard to believe the statement in the "Official Guide," that "the winnowing process has been busy separating the grain from the husk." Certainly the Picture Galleries, to which we will first direct attention, have less good wheat for the garner than chaff for the burning. A large preponderance of the works are on sale for the simple reason that they are unsaleable; some, having made the tour of Europe in vain quest of honours, now seek refuge and reward in these capacious Galleries. It is charming to see how pictures rescued from the garret or the cellar keep each other in countenance, how after years of solitude and oblivion they rejoice in the appreciative sympathy of pleasure-seeking crowds. It must indeed be no slight consolation for a monster creation such as "Les États-Unis d'Amérique," by M. Yvon, to find itself removed from the hostile criticism of Paris to be the wondering delight of multitudes intent on nothing more serious than making a holiday. It becomes indeed pleasantly apparent how perfectly *en rapport* are the pictures with the people. It is a curious fact that International Exhibitions are greatly frequented by the illiterate classes; between the visitors to the Royal Academy and the idlers at the Kensington bazaar there is a marked contrast in rank, training, and manners. Accordingly the observations which one hears among the International pictures are about on a mental par with the talk in a collection of wax-work. Her Majesty's Commissioners are wise in their generation; they know that to raise the taste of the public is a hard and tedious task, and therefore they adopt the easier course of lowering art. Such would seem to be the explanation of the acknowledged fact that in art the present Exhibition is a falling off from its predecessors. We need scarcely dwell on the injury done to art by placing second-rate wares under the protection of the flags of all nations. Modern jewellers who make and

sell the vilest trash can now boast of international rank and recognition. But just as corporate bodies are said to have no conscience, so International Commissions are without taste and knowledge. The only principle acted upon with undeviating pertinacity is that bad art and good art shall be placed on terms of absolute equality.

The English pictures and drawings may be broadly divided into two classes. The first and vastly the larger division consists of works which, though executed years ago, still hang on the artists' hands. When we consider the avidity with which what is good is bought up, this want of success speaks volumes. The vindication of rejected addresses only makes matters worse. For example, in the somewhat analogous case of pictures rejected by hanging committees, whenever an indignation exhibition in London or Paris has been got up by the sufferers, the pictures themselves sufficiently explain the fate they have suffered. It is even so in the works before us; a more melancholy sight than this bringing above ground of what ought to be decently dead and buried can scarcely be imagined. Such an exhibition, even in the interest of the artists, is a mistake. But over and above these accumulated failures, there is a second class—choice loans from collectors whose names are some guarantee for excellence. Thus in these spacious and well-lit Galleries it is possible to take a pleasant retrospective view of our English school. Here, for instance, are seen to advantage pictures which in past years in the Academy have been the talk of the town; such, for example, as "Ophelia" (450), by Mr. Millais, R.A.; "The Tulleries, 20th June, 1792" (343), by Mr. Elmore, R.A.; and "Charles II.'s Last Sunday" (455), by Mr. Frith, R.A. The chief novelty is a cartoon by Mr. Leighton, R.A., "Art applied to War" (157). This "study for a wall painting, produced to decorate a lunette in the South Kensington Museum," is in Mr. Leighton's learned manner; perhaps a few of the handsome legs might be advantageously spared; tight leggings like those of Cimabue in the famed picture of the "Procession" are here multiplied to admiration. The imposing composition of figures and architectural background may recall Ghirlandajo's frescoes in Sta. Maria Novella, Florence.

Having met, and hoping again to meet, with better opportunities of sketching the contemporary schools of the Continent, we shall dwell only on points which may possess novelty or special interest. The French pictures need not detain us for a moment; the French Government has kindly contributed a large number of bulky works which they do not want; so liberal is its patronage of rising talent, that it always has on hand a surplus of second-rate products which can well be spared from time to time for International Exhibitions. The importations from Baden, Bavaria, Austria, North Germany, Spain, and Italy are neither numerous nor rare. Persons possessing even a slight acquaintance with the art of these countries will not care to waste time among mediocre efforts; the majority of the painters have never been heard of. On the other hand, such well-known artists as Kaubach, Piletz, and Max in Bavaria, Menzel, Knass, Vautier, and Achenbach in Prussia, are one and all absentees. Indeed so hard up for materials do Her Majesty's Commissioners seem to have been, that they actually rob the Kensington Museum to supply the pressing needs of the International Galleries.

Belgium as usual makes praiseworthy efforts; indeed, with the exception of Russia, no nation has done herself more justice. The remark were perhaps ungracious that she has nothing new to show. How indeed is it possible that a nation can every year bring forth fresh genius! The arts differ from manufactures in that they cannot be multiplied under pressure. A good picture, however, is scarcely worse for having been seen oft and again; some of the works from Brussels and Antwerp may be old acquaintances; so too are pictures of which we never tire by Rubens and Quintin Matsys. We gladly cross the sea to visit the old masters; the living painters kindly come to us. That the Belgian Galleries at Kensington are scarcely below the usual mark will be understood when we enumerate among the contributors the following well-accredited painters; MM. Guffens, Swerts, Van Lerius, Robert, Wauters, De Groux, Bossuet, and Stroobant. The Belgian school of landscape—second to none in Europe—may be fairly judged by charming and characteristic specimens of the leading masters, such as Fourmois, Kindermans, De Schampheleer, Van Lappen, De Haas, and Robbe. The collection would have greater lustre could we add the names of M. Alfred Stevens and M. Willems. Belgium, once the battle-field of Europe, is now a peaceful neutral land where art thrives while war may rage around. Belgian painters are persistent; when they cannot create they compile; what they do not possess they borrow. They owe much to France, somewhat to Germany, and yet perhaps most of all to their own ancestry and nationality. In this Gallery we find ourselves among the descendants or disciples of Van Eyck, Rubens, Teniers, Terburg, and Paul Potter.

The present display of Russian pictures has only been twice equalled in Western Europe. In London in 1862, and in Paris in 1867, the compositions were larger and of more national import. But a class of works for which Russia has hitherto obtained little credit, comprising landscapes, domestic scenes, and genre generally, is now brought to the knowledge of the untravelled Englishman almost for the first time. We may begin with a novelty in the way of material—a wax-painting on coarse-grained canvas; the fabric shows through the pigments, and thus the surface approaches in texture fresco or mosaic. It may be objected that the effect is misty and opaque; the material evidently does not lend itself kindly to subtle relations of light and colour. But the fault is

as much with the manipulator as with the method. We have seen the ancient process of wax-painting revived with better success in Paris and Munich, and Mr. Arncliffe at University Hall escapes the defects apparent in the Russian experiment. The picture is a fair example of the vigorous naturalistic style which takes strong hold of the North of Europe. A popular Russian tale, "Elias of Mouron and Nightingale the Robber" (1538), here gives M. W. P. Wereshtshagin an opportunity for display of action and character; the treatment has the breadth and downright directness which belong alike to the schools of Russia and of Scandinavia.

The history of the Russian school is brought down to the present day. Men of the older generation, the contemporaries; and certainly not the inferiors, of English painters of half a century ago, such as Carl Brulloff, Theodore Bruni, Alexander Ivanoff, who sustain in the Hermitage and at Moscow the renown of Russia for high art, are naturally absent from Kensington. But living artists held in great esteem, such as the famous landscape-painters, MM. Aivassovski, Bogoluboff, and Lagorio, and the well-reputed genre painters, M. Peroff, M. Makowski, and Baron M. P. Clodd, give assurance that Russia does not lag behind other nations in the study of life and nature. It would take long to recount the personal history of the more prominent painters in St. Petersburg; how as boys they came from afar, sometimes from the shores of Finland, sometimes from the Ural mountains, from the Crimea, or from the Caspian, or even from the remote regions of Siberia; how, prompted by talent and ambition, or tempted by Imperial patronage, youths of promise make their way to St. Petersburg, and enter the Academy of Arts on the banks of the Neva; how from students they become pensioners, how they are then sent at the cost of the Government to pursue their studies in Paris, Düsseldorf, Munich, or Rome; and how finally the most successful return to St. Petersburg, and become professors in the Academy where once they had entered as unknown students, and receive from the Church and the State national commissions. An educational system thus deliberately organized and richly subsidized may serve to explain the amazing art products which the traveller encounters in St. Petersburg—products which in minor and fragmentary portions from time to time find their way to Paris and London.

Whenever we are in the presence of Russian art we have to moot the question of originality. Thus it may be doubted whether that brave battle-piece, "The Assault of Gounib" (1676), by M. Grouzinski, would have existed at all had there been no great battle-painters in Paris and Munich. But though Russian artists may owe much to Horace Vernet, Bellangé, Protais, and Adam, still they would seem to bring to the delineation of war a courageous spirit and a strong hand. Some of the best reputed battle-painters in Russia have themselves fought sword in hand. Russian art seldom lacks manliness and nerve. These pictures from St. Petersburg transport the spectator to remote regions, to races removed beyond the pale of civilization. Take, for example, "Opium Eaters at Tashkent" (1690), by M. W. Wereshtshagin; here are Tartars, a people who dwell in perpetual misrule and misery; mark well their physiognomies, their broken-down frames clothed in rags; see how they squat on the ground in stupor or slumber, in reverie or delirium, as the drug clouds the sense or thrills the nerves with intermingling pain and pleasure. The scene is all the more terrible because unflinchingly true; the drawing is accurate, the execution firm, the touch keen and unrelenting. This artist, who gloats as M. Gérôme on horrors, realizes a revolting scene, "After Victory" (1680); the dead lie in blood outside the ramparts, and a comrade standing by lights his pipe. Such callous brutality is emphatically Parisian. With equal mastery does the same painter depict a bleeding head cut off from a lifeless trunk, held up Medusa-like by a Muscovite soldier exulting in his prize.

In St. Petersburg we made notes of some twenty or more painters who addict themselves to domestic incidents, rustic scenes, and genre generally. But, as a rule, styles and subjects are less strictly defined in Russia than in countries wherein the arts have been long and firmly established. Thus in St. Petersburg we find that the same man will practise historic painting, portrait painting, and genre painting. Sometimes it is necessity which drives an artist into this diversity. That the Russians have strong naturalistic power is seen even in the limited collection before us. Take as an example a "Roman Beggar" (1671), by M. Tschistiakoff. How unlike is this roughly-handled figure, with its dull and dense colours, to the dressy models that delight our Western students! This version of Italian mendicancy shares nobility with the "Banished Lord" of Reynolds. We are reminded, too, of the words of Fuseli, that even a beggar from the hands of Michael Angelo is stamped with grandeur. This Russian school already possesses a pedigree extending over a period of rather more than a century; we are already among men of the second or third generation; thus M. Brulloff, who contributes a work of characteristic power and breadth, "Rest in the Harvest Field" (1670), is of the family of Carl Brulloff, who won a European reputation by "The Last Day of Pompeii." Again, M. W. Peroff, who contributes "The Bird-catcher" (1536), is doubtless a kinsman of M. Basil Peroff, an artist who, born in Siberia, made for himself a name in Paris by a scene never to be forgotten, "Un Enterrement de Village." For the most part, however, Russian painters are wanting in art treatment; they lack delicacy and subtlety both in conception and execution; in short, they evince an obtuse aesthetic sense. Such

would seem to be no unjust verdict on one of the most remarkable products of the school, "The Butter Week (Carnival) at the Admiralty Place, St. Petersburg" (1669), by M. Makowski, a work engraved in the illustrated newspaper of St. Petersburg, of which much has been heard. This crowded composition was the hard work of two years; the Emperor rewarded the painter with the sum of 1,200*l.*, a price deemed handsome in St. Petersburg. Russian artists, with few exceptions, are poorly paid; they have hitherto laboured almost of necessity for the home market. Thus this picture, though amazingly clever, would have little chance of a high price in England; the colour is repellent, the execution is somewhat uncouth, the figures and incidents are not over-refined. And yet for reading of character, for telling of story, for realism, for truth to climate, costume, and physiognomy, there is not a more striking work in these International Galleries; the picture, in fact, is thoroughly Russian, and for that very reason lies beyond the pale of Western art and Western sympathy.

Russian landscapes merit more space than we can afford. Here are brilliant scenes by the renowned M. Aivazovski, sometimes called the Russian Turner. Yet "A View on the South Coast of the Crimea" (1672), and other like studies—if studies they can be called—are vague as visions, unsubstantial as shadows; the painter never condescends to detail, he stands aloof from literal truth. But Aivazovski's pictures, or rather scene paintings, have a charm uncommon in the Russian school—the colour is lovely. We first made the acquaintance of this wayward genius in the *Hermitage*, where an incoherent extravaganza, "The Creation of the World," ranks among the wonders of art. The painter's phantoms of sea, sky, clouds, vapours, abound in palaces; the labour expended is trivial, the price demanded exorbitant. The artist naturally has amassed a fortune; he lives pleasantly in the land he loves to paint; his imagination is of the South, romantic, fervid; his home is in the garden of Russia, the Crimea. The Empire of the Czar will not remain behind older nations in landscape art; we may be sure that, whatever imitation can compass, Muscovites will accomplish. Scenes depicted by Lagorio, Ducker, Wasilieff, and Bogoluboff do not pertain to the infancy of art. Yet maturity of style in landscape, as in figure painting, is greatly due to foreign study. Russian art extends our knowledge of physical geography by faithful transcripts from actual localities, by views taken for instance in the Caucasus. Russian painters, as we have said, are pioneers; they have much to tell and teach; they see around them a territory boundless in extent; they deal with a semi-barbarism, a semi-civilization which is eminently pictorial; and thus they have before them a future which can scarcely fail to expand with the undeveloped resources of the Empire.

RACING IN SUSSEX.

AS a fashionable pic-nic, as an opportunity for wearing fine dresses and eating large luncheons in the midst of beautiful scenery, Goodwood was as much appreciated this year as ever; but, from a racing point of view, there was no diminution of the blight that falls more and more every year over so many once famous meetings. Even in those races usually considered the most popular, the Stewards' and Chesterfield Cups, there was a great falling off on this occasion, only twenty-eight horses starting for the former and twenty for the latter, as against thirty-nine and twenty-eight in 1871. As a set-off, indeed, there were sixteen runners for the Goodwood Stakes; but, with few exceptions, they were of the most moderate quality. For the old-established weight-for-age races the fields were, as a rule, most insignificant, there being five runners for the Gratwicke Stakes, five for the Ham, five for the Lavant, two for the Findon, two for the Goodwood Derby, three for the Drawing Room, two for the Molecomb, and two for the Annesley Stakes. Many of these also were foregone conclusions, and were won so easily as to be productive of little interest or excitement; Cantinière, for instance (twice), and Somerset winning their engagements without even the show of a struggle. On the first day, after Alaric, with Fordham up—his first mount, we fancy, since Stockbridge—had won the Craven Stakes, and the rich Gratwicke and Ham Stakes had fallen respectively to the moderate Silvester and Wild Myrtle, the twenty-eight numbers were hoisted for the Stewards' Cup. The field, besides being numerically weak, was hardly so representative as usual of the best speed in the country, as a glance at the names of the thirty-eight who took part in it last year will show. On public form, the race seemed a positive gift to Anton if he was fit and well, for he had only 19 lbs. more to carry than last year, when he won, beating a far better field, with quite two stone in hand. It is possible that, having since been trained for long-distance races, he has lost much of his fine speed, for last week he seemed outpaced from the very start, and could never get anywhere near the front. Among the horses whose names are most familiarly known in connexion with races of this description were Oxonian, Blenheim, Botheration, Fisherman, Sir Robert Walpole, and Pitchfork. The race was won as easily this year as last, although not by so far a distance; for Oxonian took the lead, kept it the whole way, and cantered in first five lengths ahead of all his antagonists. With such a queer-tempered animal as Fisherman in the field, there were of course plenty of false starts, but the delay was happily not so great as in former years. The winner, who carried the top weight of 8 st. 12 lbs., and was consequently comparatively disregarded, the preference

being given to his stable companion Pitchfork, has always had a great reputation for speed, and won the Portland Plate at Doncaster two years ago. But he is an uncertain horse, and has more often disappointed than gratified his supporters. Like Taraban, his courage is more artificial than natural, and a bottle of whisky, it is said, was required last week to screw up his spirits to the starting point. The only antagonist that looked formidable at any part of the race was Blenheim, who got up to Oxonian for a moment at the distance, but died away directly afterwards. And the mere fact of Landmark, a moderate three-year-old, running third, is conclusive testimony to the poor quality of the beaten horses. In the Lavant Stakes Cantinière pursued her victorious career, beating Silver Ring, Tourbillon, King George, and Ragusa in a canter. Silver Ring is a filly of no mean pretensions, and later in the week disposed of Wild Myrtle, herself a winner, with the greatest ease. King George and Tourbillon are also winners, and Ragusa enrolled herself among the victorious band before the end of the meeting, so that virtually Cantinière was meeting, and giving weight away to, a field of winning horses. But Lord Ailesbury's splendid daughter of Stockwell, who has all Achievement's grace of motion and ease of action, with considerably more size and substance, played with her opponents just as she pleased. It is the greatest possible misfortune that she should be a roarer, for, if as sound in wind as in limb, the three-year-old prizes would apparently be at her mercy. It is a treat to see her galloping, but she gallops with her mouth wide open, and it is too likely that we are now seeing the best of her. Despite her infirmity, Cantinière must be considered as one of the crowning triumphs of that splendid horse Stockwell, whose son Blair Athol has lately fetched the highest price ever given for a stallion. The beautiful Flower of Dorset presented 9 lbs. to Glenaveena in the Halmaker Stakes, and beat her cleverly, Siluria, whose form has gone off wonderfully since her Chester victory, never getting near the leading pair. And then one of the old-established long-distance races was fought out in the old-fashioned manner. Field Marshal and Ripponden came to the post for the Annesley Stakes over the severest four-mile course (it is really two furlongs less) in England. Of the two Ripponden was in much better condition, but nevertheless Field Marshal boldly forced the pace, and went off at an excellent speed, which he maintained all through. At the half-mile post Ripponden came up to Mr. Bowes's horse, and his superior speed and condition ought then to have ensured him the victory; but the steel was fairly taken out of him, and as they passed the enclosure, both covered with sweat and much distressed, Ripponden was quite unable to improve his position. Then the superior staying powers of Field Marshal availed him, and, in Fordham's hands, he won a most punishing race by a length and a half, Ripponden dying away to nothing at the finish.

On Wednesday Prince Charlie reappeared, and had to beat Bethnal Green over a mile and a quarter course. Considering the nature of the epidemic that has struck down nearly all Sir Joseph Hawley's horses, it was a matter of surprise to see Bethnal Green in such excellent condition; and he galloped as hard and as fast as he could, but never could get out of the way of Prince Charlie, who stuck to him without seeming to be doing more than canter in a long-striding, swinging style, but who, when let out, covered so much more ground in each stride than Bethnal Green as to pass him at pleasure and win, as we think, with plenty of weight in hand. Then Cantinière fulfilled her second engagement and—as easily as ever—beat the high-priced Cobham. Still there is a future for Cobham, who galloped well, and he will have many opportunities of distinguishing himself without always having to beat, or rather to be beaten by, a Cantinière. Sixteen runners were telegraphed for the Goodwood Stakes, and, had the merits of the competitors been equal to their number, it might have been an interesting race. But, take them altogether, they were a most moderate lot—Spennithorne, the winner of the Northumberland Plate, and Kingcraft, a Derby winner, being the conspicuous exceptions. Paganini, old and patched up, Falkland, also past his best day, and Finesse, well known at the Curragh in Queen's Plate courses, were among the remainder. A Derby winner, five years old, sound and perfectly fit, and weighted at only 8 st. 2 lbs., ought to have had the race at his mercy; but Kingcraft displayed his usual softness, or faintness of heart, or whatever his weakness is, and, directly he came within hearing of the shouts of the multitude, refused to race a yard further. Till then he was going well within himself, and had only Spennithorne to beat to secure the victory. Spennithorne, as it was, made nearly the whole of the running and won easily at the finish by three lengths, and so, for the second year running, the Northumberland Plate winner carried off the Goodwood Stakes also. William Day furnished the second in the almost unmentioned Richmond, and Kingcraft, on sufferance, obtained the third place. But his performance was so bad as to make him unworthy to be trusted in any race, no matter how lenient the weights. In the Bognor Stakes Drummond disposed of Flower of Dorset with ridiculous ease; but still a five-furlong course and the Leger course are not at all the same thing, and we fail to see why he should have in consequence been made such a favourite for the great Doncaster race. Still, if, as is currently reported, Queen's Messenger has broken down, that race will be left to the care of such indifferent company that anything might be made a favourite.

The third day's racing was perhaps more genuinely interesting on account of King of the Forest's reappearance after his long

absence from the Turf than for the sake of the Cup itself, despite the antagonism of Favonius and Albert Victor. Even the laziest of racegoers bestirred themselves and attempted to catch the early trains in order to see Mr. Merry's famous horse either break down or win, for the third year in succession, the Bentinck Memorial, and thereby secure the accumulated deductions from the stakes that now amount to nearly one thousand pounds, and are only awarded to that horse who as a two, a three, and a four-year-old succeeds in carrying off this race. Dalmacardoch and Ripponden were coloured on the card, but—perhaps out of courtesy to a gallant but luckless opponent—were withdrawn, and only Touques opposed the game son of Scottish Chief and Lioness. King of the Forest looked as if he had been doing only gentle and easy work, and, as far as condition went, was quite unfit for a journey over the severe Queen's Plate course; while Touques, though only a moderate mare, was perfectly fit. She made the running as fast as she could, and for three parts of the distance held a lead of nearly a dozen lengths. Then King of the Forest, who was ridden most tenderly and artistically by Cannon, came up to the leader, and after being most gently handled down the hill—where it was a mere toss-up whether he broke down or not—took the lead for the first time, and, Touques being too exhausted to raise a gallop, cantered in a winner by two lengths. He was never extended at any part of the race, not even in the last quarter of a mile; indeed, to have called on him to gallop at full speed would in all probability have ensured his downfall; and we have never seen greater judgment on the part of a jockey, or that prime requisite of a fine horseman—patience—exemplified better than in this race. After Somerset had beaten FitzJames, his solitary opponent in the Molecomb Stakes, in a canter, the numbers were hoisted for the Cup. Corisande did not run, being reserved for the Queen's Plate on the Friday, and the field was composed of Favonius, Albert Victor, Barford, Verdure, and Bothwell. The race was regarded as a foregone conclusion either for Favonius or Albert Victor, and, according to the Ascot running, the latter had deservedly the preference. Verdure was started to make the running, and right well did she accomplish her mission. In these days of pottering over the greater part and of galloping over the last half or quarter mile of long races, it is a relief to see a Cup race strongly run from end to end. Verdure took such a lead from the very first that there was no chance for a laggard, and for a mile and a half she went along at a rare pace. Then Albert Victor and Barford appeared in front, and for a moment Favonius seemed shut out. But directly he was brought round the outside a marvellous change took place in the character of the race, and having once got on terms with Albert Victor (who himself had already disposed of Barford), he settled Mr. Cartwright's horse in a moment, and the latter not having an effort left in him, won by ten lengths—the easiest victory we ever saw in a Cup race run as Cup races should be. The reversal of the Ascot running was complete, and must have somewhat surprised those who at Ascot jumped to the conclusion that Albert Victor ought to have been the winner of last year's Derby. The balance of evidence is quite against such a theory, and we have since had additional proof, in Albert Victor's race at Brighton for the Cup, which Barford as nearly as possible snatched from him, that his Ascot running was rather too good to be true as a criterion of his usual average form. The two-year-old Bentinck Memorial was won easily by Silver Ring, her defeat of Wild Myrtle showing collaterally the immeasurable excellence of Cantinière; and Protomartyr, by beating Patriarch and Simon, foreshadowed his success the following week in the Brighton Stakes.

Of the seven races decided on the last day of the Goodwood week we need only notice two, the Queen's Plate and the Chesterfield Cup. Corisande and Dutch Skater contested the first, and Tortoise and Savoir Faire joined in for the sake of a little amusement. They walked and trotted for half a mile, and then Corisande made the running, instead of waiting, as at Ascot, and in consequence was beaten. Twenty ran for the Chesterfield Cup, including Prince Charlie, Digby Grand, Oxonian, Napolitain, Silvester, Mornington, and Hannah. The flag fell to a very bad start, and Napolitain—third this year in the Chester Cup—got all the best of it, and won from start to finish. Lucy Sutton, a stable companion of Digby Grand, was second, and Prince Charlie, who finished very gamely and made up a great deal of ground at the end, was third. Whether that is good enough for the St. Leger we do not know; but, at any rate, he became nearly first favourite for that race when the Chesterfield Cup was over, and certainly, in such a poor field as we may expect to see next month at Doncaster, Prince Charlie's splendid speed ought to bring him home, despite his infirmity, amongst the first three.

The second half of the Sussex fortnight commenced under favourable auspices at Brighton, and the fields were fairly large, though there were few events of more than transitory importance. Protomartyr won the Brighton Stakes from Dalmacardoch and Manille, and Drummond frightened away all competitors in the Champagne Stakes, and on the second day won the Sussex Cup from Bank Note and Perfume. The Brighton Cup was left to Albert Victor, Barford, and Verdure, but all three had too vivid a remembrance of their severe race at Goodwood to attempt a repetition of it. They trotted and cantered, therefore, more than half the way, and it resolved itself consequently into a six-furlong race. Barford and Albert Victor made a close finish of it, Mr. Cartwright's horse just winning by a short head. As a Cup race, or as affording any proof of the relative staying powers and speed of the competitors, this event may be wholly neglected.

The pleasant Lewes gathering, on one of the most attractive courses in England, is an appropriate wind-up to the Sussex fortnight; but we are of course unable to say anything of the various events decided there.

REVIEWS.

EVANS'S STONE IMPLEMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

MR. EVANS'S carefully compiled and exhaustive work on the ancient stone implements, weapons, and ornaments of Great Britain fully sustains the high reputation of the writer. The critical skill displayed in the treatment of his materials is not less conspicuous than the industry which he has brought to bear upon them, or the wealth of opportunities which the study of years has placed at his command. In limiting the scope of his survey to the prehistoric remains of the British Isles, his judgment has probably been influenced by the immensity of the field opened by any attempt at a cosmopolitan treatment of the subject. At the same time he has shown that his knowledge and research, far from being restricted to the insular class of objects, include the widest range of prehistoric antiquity, enabling him to illustrate his immediate argument by analogies from every quarter of the globe, as well as by the light of every cognate science. He has not shrunk from the task of bringing his personal experience to bear upon the subject, having taken lessons in the art from the flint-knappers of Suffolk, who to this day, our readers may be surprised to learn, export tons of flints for old-pattern guns, or as "strike-a-lights," chiefly to the East and to Brazil. Mr. Evans goes minutely into the process of manufacture, making it abundantly clear how, even in the absence of metallic tools, the mystery of flaking and chipping from the flint core is to be effected. By dexterous blows from a rounded pebble flakes could, he found, be produced which it was impossible to distinguish from those made with a hammer of bronze or iron. He has accumulated from his reading abundant notices of the early knowledge and use of flints as the source of fire, from the well-known passages in Pliny and Virgil to the latest reports of voyagers and ethnologists. Classical evidence and the multifarious relics of early art which fill our museums combine to prove the identity in point of manufacture and usage at some time or other which prevailed among mankind all the world over, whether from the independent development of a common instinct, or from ancestral use spreading from a common centre. There is scarce a nook or corner of the earth which has been heedfully explored where weapons or tools of stone approximately like in type have not been found. Not that even identity of form or material is to be taken to indicate identity of age. On the contrary, nothing is more clear than that the various periods of stone manufacture overlap each other in time, some of the most primitive processes remaining actually in use among savage tribes in our day.

It is, in fact, largely due to the observations of voyagers among the most out of the way of these rude races, that an understanding of the use, the fitting, and the fabrication of many a puzzling object of early date has been obtained. From Australia, from Mexico, from Peru, from the Esquimaux and the banks of the Indus and the Mahanuddy, we have descriptions varying in detail, but all illustrative of the traditional ingenuity with which man thus supplied a universal want. But for the light thus borrowed from the observation and experience of our own day, it would have been scarcely possible to determine, otherwise than by the barest conjecture, the various modes of hafting the celts and other implements of stone, which is doubtless the question that most exercises the mind of those who gaze for the first time upon the multitudinous objects of the kind upon the shelves of our museums. The instances of early instruments, of whatever period, being found with their handles still attached to them are of extreme rarity. No more than two instances of the sort were till lately known to Mr. Evans as recorded in this country. One was that of the hatchet found in the Solway Moss near Longtown, now in the British Museum, the haft unfortunately much broken and decayed, the recent process of preserving or restoring the dessicated fibre by means of an alum solution not having been available at the time of discovery. In the second instance, that of a celt found near Tranmere, Cheshire, now in the Mayer Museum at Liverpool, though the greater part of the wood had perished, enough remained to show that the handle had held the stone in a slightly oblique position, similar to that given in a woodcut by Mr. Evans of a find from county Monaghan in the Royal Irish Academy. Among the more recent examples adduced and figured by our author is one from a peat deposit which once formed the bed of a small tarn in Cumberland. Here the end of the wooden handle through which the celt is driven is recurved in a curious fashion at the head, possibly with the view of steadying the butt end of the celt. Singularly enough, a similar form is given to the handle in the rude outline of a hatchet engraved on the underside of the roof-stone of a dolmen known as La Table des Marchands, near Locmariaquer, Brittany. Not unlike this were one or two other specimens from Ireland; and some of the hatchets from the Swiss Lake dwellings, as that from Robenhause, the haft formed of

* *The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain.* By John Evans, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

ash, show much the same character as those club-like handles still in use for iron blades in Southern and Central Africa. A rude axe obtained from the Indians of the Rio Frio, Texas, shows a rough lump of trachyte, unground and but slightly chipped, driven into a club-like haft of some native wood. The copper or bronze axes of the Mexicans were hafted in a similar manner, or, when more elaborately shaped, bound to the shaft by thongs of animal sinew or vegetable fibre. Such an example is that said to be the axe of Montezuma II. in the Ambros Museum, Vienna. Often the celt was forced or bound into a socket of deer horn; a form less common among English examples than on the continent of Europe, especially in France. One formed of a tine of red deer is said to have been found with human remains and early pottery at Cockshot Hill in Wychwood Forest. A fragment of deer horn apparently pierced for this purpose was met with in a barrow at Scarborough, and one somewhat similar in the Thames at Kew. A highly ornamented mount, the shaft carved grotesquely in the form of a human head, the blade of stone inserted in the mouth, is engraved by Mr. Evans, called *taawisch* or *tuskiah* by the native artists of Nootka Sound. Samples in which the blade is set adze-fashion at a right or even an acute angle with the shaft, unknown apparently in Great Britain, are brought forward from the Swiss Lake dwellings and parts of Germany, together with modern antiques from New Caledonia, New Zealand, and Australia. One of the most curious is a rude adze in use among the Schlaham or Clalam Indians, near Puget's Sound, to hollow out their canoes. A strong resinous glue is employed by the Australian natives for securing the head of the implement to the haft, and is thought by our author to have been in use in Scandinavia in prehistoric times; as was bitumen, it would appear, among the dwellers by the Swiss Lakes. Experience of existing uses among uncivilized races has contributed no less to our knowledge of the various purposes to which implements of equally rude periods in the past were intended to apply; an admirable summary of which is put together from the most authentic sources by Mr. Evans. Besides their use as weapons of attack and defence we can picture to ourselves those hard stone instruments serving for cutting down timber, scooping out canoes, dressing posts for huts, grubbing up roots, preparing firewood, killing animals and scraping their flesh from the bones, not to speak of agricultural uses manifold in number, or even mining the chalk in pursuit of the raw material of similar implements.

As regards the date to be assigned either to the Stone Age as a whole, or to any of the subsidiary periods which it has been decided to mark by the distribution of these stone relics into the Neolithic and Paleolithic class, Mr. Evans is too cautious and critical an antiquary to speak in other than tentative and approximate terms. In his concluding chapter on the antiquity of the River Drift he has connected with great ability the proofs derived from the geological study of the British isles with those yielded by the artificially formed objects themselves. The researches of Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Prestwich, and others, upon the progress and effects of fluvial action have a new significance when blended with careful observations of the heights and depths or other conditions of distribution or deposit under which these vestiges of man's presence are found. By the aid of a hypothetical case Mr. Evans places before the reader's mind a picture of the gradual changes of surface which may be conceived to have led to a state of things identical with that actually found to exist. Looking at the contours of valley basins with regard to the rivers which flow through them, it is in the power of a practised geologist to predict almost with certainty where deposits of drift yielding paleolithic implements are to be found. No portion of his work is more marked with ability or more pregnant with germs of scientific progress in a line of ever-increasing interest. An equation involving so many unknown quantities as that of the antiquity of man is, as our author justly observes, incapable of solution. Nor is it within the range of the British islands that the chief elements of proof are to be met with. Still from many quarters a converging light is to be thrown upon the problem. What we may call the inferior limit of the series of ages may be in part fixed by the evidence of metal tools having been used not only in etching upon bones of the mastodon and other now extinct mammals, but in etched figures of the mastodon itself, obviously by a contemporary artist. To the antiquity thus gained for the Metal age we have to add the long range of the Neolithic or polished stone period, and beyond this the still more vague Paleolithic series running back into the Glacial epoch, into the excavation of existing valleys and gradual accumulation of river drifts. Such a period as two thousand years is ridiculously small, our author may well say, for the Neolithic and bronze periods. And beyond this there is an immense gap between the River Drift and surface-stone periods, so far as any intermediate forms of implements are concerned. Were we, in defiance of probability, to date back the use of the polished implements only two thousand years before our historical notices of this country, and allow ourselves an additional four thousand years at the very least for the valley excavation, we should then but get to the latest of River Drift fabrics. Beyond this an unfathomable depth of time lies before us. The irresistible conclusion is that, "owing to the wasting agency of rain, frost, and rivers, there must have been a vast change in the superficial features of the country since the time when those who fashioned the flint implements found in the high level gravels were joint occupants of the land with the mammoth and rhinoceros, and the other departed members of the Quaternary fauna":—

The antiquity, then, that must be assigned to the implements in the

highest beds of River Drift may be represented (1) by the period requisite for the excavation of the valleys to their present depth; plus (2), the period necessary for the drying out and immigration of a large part of the Quaternary or Post-Glacial fauna and the coming in of the Prehistoric; plus (3), the Polished Stone Period; plus (4), the Bronze, Iron, and Historic Periods, which three latter in this country occupy a space of probably not less than three thousand years.

Mr. Evans has been fortunate in engaging the services of a wood-engraver who has shown singular skill in the representation of the various objects of stone, to the number of nearly five hundred, which illustrate the volume. Not only the form, but the nature, of the material is set before the eye with praiseworthy distinctness, the flaking or cleavage of the flint being exceptionally well marked. This is an invaluable quality for those who have to study a book of this class at a distance from any adequate collection of examples. Beyond doubt, however, the most satisfactory and efficient use to be made of such a work is to take it as a companion to the thorough and systematic study of some such full and well organized series as the Christy or Mayer collection. As a manual and guide comprising the latest and most authentic accumulation of facts, joined to the most critical and cautious estimate of the conclusions to which they lead, Mr. Evans's work will mark an era in the history of this department of archaeology.

ANDRÉ-MARIE AMPÈRE.*

THE fame of André-Marie Ampère has penetrated deeply into English life, though narrowly in proportion to its depth. He is known chiefly as the discoverer of the identity of the magnetic and electric forces; he is acknowledged to have been as much the author of modern telegraphy as Sir Humphry Davy and Thomas Wedgwood of modern photography—in each case the power being demonstrated and recorded, though the practice was not worked out; his name strikes on the ear as that of a savant of no common order; but nevertheless one of the most ardent and universal students of this century is scarcely known at all to the generality of Englishmen. An admirable sketch of his character by M. Sainte-Beuve appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in 1837, the year after Ampère's death; but it has been reserved for the work before us to lift the veil from the most interesting parts of his youthful history.

André-Marie Ampère was born at Lyons, of respectable citizen parents, in 1775. He showed from earliest boyhood an insatiable thirst for knowledge; mathematics and geometry taking the lead in his inclinations. While still feeble from the effects of an early illness, the boy made calculations with no other appliance than little bits of biscuit. He read all he could lay hands on; the "Encyclopédie" from beginning to end. He received no instruction, and was subjected to no discipline; indeed method or stimulus would have been alike misplaced for one who voluntarily outran all customary goals. Such quiet guidance and help as was necessary on his ardent course was supplied by his father, who, as we shall see, was a man of no ordinary type. Finding that his son cared less for classical than for scientific studies, he let him follow his own bent; and when the boy, then only eleven years of age, was struck with passionate consternation on discovering that the works of Euler and others were written in a language he had not acquired, his father acted as interpreter. Ampère used to say that there were three events which developed his mind—his perusal of the "Éloge" of Descartes, by M. Thomas; his first communion; and the tidings of the taking of the Bastille. In this triad of causes, curiously significant in their range and differences, pointing equally in strongly divergent directions, to love of knowledge, respect for religion, and ardour for liberty, we find the true measure of his mind. Ampère, like the great thinkers who preceded him—Lagrange, Laplace, Cuvier—was born to search into the laws of natural phenomena, to stop and ponder, to separate and systematize, where others dawdle or hurry past. In certain respects, however, he stood alone. His compeers in science were men of shrewdness, deliberation, and judgment in the common affairs of life; the idea that inspired them was subordinate to control, subordinate to themselves. With Ampère the idea was sole master. He was for the time like one possessed; like an eager child who has set his heart on one object, and will bear no hindrance till he attain it. Every pursuit in turn was a passion; he saw and heard nothing else till he had, as it were, run it down; or, rather, till it had driven him to the uttermost limits of human thought. Ambition and self-interest had no part in him except when invoked for one dearer than self, and then they responded but clumsily, however willingly, to the call. That power of taking care of himself, and of what peculiarly belonged to himself—his own discoveries—with which most scientific votaries are respectably endowed, was totally lacking in Ampère. Anybody could help himself to anything he had. For those who were bent on picking his brains he was "un puits ouvert." "À toute heure il disait tout, et ne pensait pas qu'on dût en ménager rien." This absence of the usually mingled motives, of the alloy which renders the precious metal more available for utilitarian purposes, shows the mind of this remarkable man as mind is seldom seen; unguarded by the ordinary egotisms, inexperienced in the commonest precautions, stupid and slow in what all the world knows—full, in short, of foibles and deficiencies, yet these so pure and guileless that there was involuntary veneration in the very smile they raised.

* *Journal et Correspondance de André-Marie Ampère.* Publié par Madame H. C. Paris: Hetzel et Cie. 1872.

Such being the nature of the lad—the over-sensitive surface on which the lights and shadows of life were destined to fall with peculiar intensity—we turn with the more interest to those early days which budded and flowered, faded and closed, with idyllic freshness and pathos. A devoted friend has given them to the world. M. Barthélemy de St-Hilaire, in the work entitled *Les deux Ampère*, has published the posthumous writings of Ampère as edited and supplemented by his only son, Jean-Jacques; but to Madame Henriette Chevreux, the editor of the work before us, we owe the preliminary notice of the father, who proudly predicted what the son has sought piously to preserve, and thus we are presented with the touching and inseparable group of “*Les trois Ampère*.”

Jean-Jacques Ampère, the father of the great savant, was, as we have said, a respectable citizen of Lyons, where, in the year 1793, he filled the office of “*juge de paix*.” During the excesses which distracted the city he stood foremost on the side of order, and when it was entered by the revolutionary party after the siege, he was among the first to be thrown into prison. A few of his letters addressed to his wife, the mother of André-Marie, and dated from his cell, which have survived, serve to swell the great cry of the innocent which went up at that time. There are few more touching records of the heroism and fortitude which the Revolution developed in its victims, and of the piety, patriotism, and domestic affections which it outraged. On the 17th October, 1793, the prisoner addressed a series of instructions to his wife. After giving an account of his property, liabilities, and debts—the latter amounting only to a few francs and sous, but recorded with as much exactness as if they had involved tens of thousands—he adds:—

Il s'en faut de beaucoup, ma très-chère amie, que je te laisse riche, et même une aisance ordinaire; tu ne peux l'imputer à ma mauvaise conduite, ni à aucune dissipation; ma plus grande dépense a été l'achat des livres et des instruments de géométrie dont notre fils ne pouvait se passer pour son instruction; mais cette dépense même était une sage économie, puisqu'il n'a jamais eu d'autres maîtres que lui-même.

We then read a modest record of the sacrifices made by those of small fortunes and simple habits in the vain effort to avert that overthrow of all society which finally exacted their blood, and the letter thus concludes:—

Je n'eus jamais que le goût et la passion de mes devoirs; je n'ai ni repentir ni remords, et je suis toujours digne de toi. Je t'embrasse, et tout ce qui nous est cher, du fond de mon cœur.

Jean-Jacques Ampère, époux, père, ami, et citoyen toujours fidèle.

A month later his last letter was written:—

J'ai reçu, mon cher ange, ton billet consolateur; il a versé un baume vivifiant sur les plaies morales que fait à mon âme le regret d'être méconnu par mes concitoyens. . . . Je désire que ma mort soit le sceau d'une reconnaissance générale entre tous nos frères; je la pardonne à ceux qui s'en réjouissent, à ceux qui l'ont provoquée et à ceux qui l'ont ordonnée.

Si, du séjour de l'éternité où notre chère fille m'a précédé, il m'était donné de m'occuper des choses d'ici-bas, tu serais, ainsi que mes chers enfants, l'objet de mes soins et de ma complaisance. Puissent-ils jouir d'un meilleur sort que leur père, et avoir toujours devant les yeux la crainte de Dieu, cette crainte salutaire qui opère en nous l'innocence et la justice, malgré la fragilité de notre nature. . . . Ne parle pas à ma Joséphine [a young daughter] du malheur de son père; fais en sorte qu'elle ignore. Quant à mon fils, il n'y a rien que je n'attende de lui. . . . Adieu, tendre amie.

A few hours after these lines were penned Jean-Jacques Ampère mounted the scaffold.

On the son of his tender care—then but eighteen years of age—this blow fell with overwhelming force. For fully a year the brain lay dormant; his state was almost idiotic, and he spent his time for the chief part out of doors, listlessly scraping together little heaps of earth. The first thing that roused him effectually was the study of botany. Rousseau's letters on the subject had fallen into his hands, and he threw himself into the novel pursuit with all the ardour and the exactness which were his chief characteristics. Next came a fit of classic enthusiasm inspired by a collection of Latin poets. The long coveted knowledge of Latin was soon mastered, and the heart-stricken lad roamed about the country with his hands full of plants, murmuring verses by Horace, like one spell-bound. He was now thoroughly infected with the passion for classic poetry. The years from 1795 to 1797 were all poetical, as those which preceded them had been all given to abstract science. He threw out at this time an exuberance of poetical compositions—tragedies, songs, madrigals, poems on the natural sciences, an epic on Columbus—all showing, as might be expected, more facility and fertility than sense of art. He also mastered Greek, and modern languages, studied physiology, chemistry, philosophy—what did that mind not study which, twenty years later, conceived and executed a new classification of the whole cycle of sciences? To all this intellectual activity was added the moral and manly work of earning daily bread. Installed in Lyons, he gave lessons in mathematics and chemistry, and as this duty of teaching others occupied him during the principal hours of the day, he rose at four in the morning for the luxury of teaching himself.

We now approach the sweet May time of his life, not altogether smoothly run, but unclouded for a brief space in its pure and holy dawn. There is nothing sensational in Ampère's first and only love; he had not even felt the temptation of “*chance desires*,” though he had begun to know the yearning for something beyond learning to satisfy his heart. Ampère's mother lived on her own little property at Polémieux, near Lyons, and at the close of his laborious weeks he would spend his Sundays with her. On his way lay the village of St. Germain-an-Mont-d'Or, where he occasionally halted to visit an aunt. Close by, in St. Germain, lived a

family of the name of Carron—excellent people, the father in business, with a son and three daughters, the youngest of whom was named Julie. True as the language is which seeks to say more than the lover can express, we forbear to quote Ampère's expatiation on the “*angelic soul* seen in the serenity of her blue eyes, and the candour which shines from her forehead.” We know Julie perfectly well without Ampère's help. She was one of those demure, modest, self-possessed, and sensible little women, generally pretty, and always without a grain of romance, who commit certain havoc with young hearts of Ampère's stamp. She had already slain one man of science. An older savant, a ready-made professor, of the name of Dumas, had already sighed for her in vain. But Julie cannot accustom herself to the idea of quitting her family, at any rate for M. Dumas, and writes him little formal, decorous letters to that effect. However unlike the current English ideas regarding Frenchwomen, Julie was in truth a true type of a large class of young French girls, who never leave their mother's side till they marry. Family affections are still peculiarly strong in France. At that time they had been drawn closer still by those unexampled trials which reached all more or less. So the coast was clear—we are now in the year 1796—and Ampère entered the lists, with all the timidity proper to his age, and with all the *maldresse* proper to himself. From this time he indites a series of “*Confessions*”—how unlike those by Rousseau we need not say. On the fly-leaf he wrote the word “*Amorum*,” and within are noted the discovery of a new law and the observations on new phenomena. A few specimens of this journal will suffice. The diet is too pure for the world to bear much of it:—

Dimanche, 10 avril. Je l'ai vue pour la première fois.

Samedi, 10 août. Je suis allé chez elle; on m'y a prêté le *Nouvelles Mœurs de Soave*.

Samedi, 3 septembre. Je suis allé rendre le *Nouvelle*. Je suis resté un instant seul avec elle.

Samedi, 17 septembre. Je portai des livres, et commençai à ouvrir mon cœur.

Lundi, 19 septembre 1796. J'achevai de m'expliquer; j'en rapportai de faibles espérances, et la défense d'y revenir avant le retour de sa mère.

Lundi, 26 septembre. Je la trouvai seule dans le jardin, sans oser lui parler.

Lundi, 6 octobre. Je me trouvais seul avec elle, sans oser lui parler; on me donna les premiers bords-rimés.

Mercredi, 9 novembre. Je reparlai. Julie me dit de venir moins souvent.

Samedi, 12 novembre. Mme. Carron était sortie; je dis quelques mots à Julie, qui me remboursa bien [Anglic, shut him up] et partit. Elise [her sister] me dit de passer l'hiver sans plus parler.

This kind of thing continues through all its pretty and imbecile phases. Ampère has many “*a shutting up*.” He never knows when to take leave, and has sometimes to be told twice. Pretending to look at some vignettes which lay before her, he kneels down at her feet, and is reproved by the mother. Nevertheless Julie does not let him go. In due time the splendid prizes of a patient lover fall to his share. Twice he holds her hand to help her over a stile; occasionally she takes a seat by him and speaks to him; and once the climax of his bliss is reached by a gentle blow from her hand upon his wrist. His success is now certain. Of course he writes verses, which we spare the reader, though they are really pretty. And, better still, he seeks to cultivate her mind, and gives her (and her sister) lessons in arithmetic and Italian. For all that, Julie and her family have not the slightest conception of the order of mind with which they are dealing. As the suit advanced, the Carron family began to consider the state of life in which Ampère could hope to maintain a wife, and proposed one which they considered suitable to his mathematical propensities:—

Le soir (19 novembre 1797), me trouvant seul avec Julie, elle me parla de mes projets, comme y prenant beaucoup de part; Mme. Carron vint se mêler à cet entretien, et elles firent toutes deux l'éloge de l'état d'agent de change.

He proposes, on his part, to engage more regularly in a course of lessons, but she treats this with disfavour, and replies, “*J'aimerais mieux voir M. Ampère dans le commerce.*”

This pre-conjugal state lasts three years. In August 1799 Julie Carron became Julie Ampère, one of the happiest and wisest of little wives, and quite satisfied to be maintained by the strange devices which her husband preferred to commerce. The next great event was the birth of their only child, Jean-Jacques, which completed the measure of Ampère's happiness. For a short time the young people lacked nothing but more worldly prosperity. Ampère's lessons in chemistry, mathematics, Latin, Italian, to any one who would learn, provided but a scanty pittance. Julie's health, which began to fail soon after the birth of her child, required all his exertions. On this account he accepted the appointment of Professor of Physics and Chemistry at the school of Bourg, twelve leagues from Lyons, even though it involved the separation from his wife, who was forbidden to accompany him. Previous poverty rendered a certain salary of even less than *mille sous* too tempting an offer to be refused. Their separation gives rise to a correspondence unrivalled as a reflex of tender hopes and fears, of petty details and lofty aspirations. Both are seen as in a mirror; Ampère ever blundering, confessing, musing, divining, always working; Julie gently chiding, guiding, and cheering, and working too; both so economical! He now, in her language “*mon fils*,” she in his “*ma bienfaitrice*.” These terms represent very much the footing on which they continued until Ampère's sun of happiness sank into Julie's early grave.

Meanwhile Ampère is buried in his duties at Bourg, arranging his machines, giving lectures, but as unfit as a child to live alone.

Julie is perpetually anxious that he should not forget his meals, and that he should appear decently dressed. He destroys his blue stockings and his new *pantalons* with what Julie calls "ce maudit acide qui brûle tout." He confesses that he has used part of his linen for stoppers to his chemical instruments; he unsews the lining of his coat for some unheard-of purpose. Julie reproves, and sends him an apron. Then their little money matters are touching in their simple scale. He supplies her monthly, now with seven louis, now with six, keeping only a few francs and sous for his own current purposes. The young people's letters and packets go by the carrier—the twelve leagues in ten hours—all sorts of machines, cylinders, retorts, thermometers, barometers, chemicals, salts, bottles of ink, or of wine, sausages and cheeses, with newly repaired *gilets*, or patched *culottes*—all pass *pêle-mêle* backwards and forwards, and not always safely. "Le baromètre et le thermomètre [writes Julie] sont sortis cassés de l'étui. Cet accident me fait encore plus trouver que la physique est une sottise chose." This little ebullition is well excused by the trials which "la physique" in this form entailed on poor Julie, who, ill as she was, and much worse than she let André know, had enough to do to execute its extraordinary commissions, cheer its anxieties, and repair its damages.

Through all this domestic dialogue are heard from time to time the simple but dignified tones of such deep thought as few human brains have had the power to sustain:—

Il y a sept ans, ma Julie, je m'étais proposé un problème de mon invention, que je n'avais pu résoudre directement, mais dont j'avais découvert, par hasard, une solution dont je connaissais la justesse sans pouvoir la démontrer. Cela me revenait souvent dans l'esprit; j'ai cherché vingt fois sans succès cette solution directe. Depuis quelques jours mon idée me suivait partout; enfin, je ne sais comment, je viens de la trouver, avec une foule de considérations curieuses et nouvelles sur la théorie des probabilités. Comme je crois qu'il y aura peu de mathématiciens en France qui puissent résoudre ce problème en moins de temps, je ne doute pas que sa publication dans une brochure d'une vingtaine de pages ne soit un bon moyen de parvenir à une chaire de mathématiques. Ce petit ouvrage d'algèbre pure, où l'on n'a besoin d'aucune figure, sera rédigé après demain.

And again:—

J'ai fait hier une importante découverte sur la théorie du jeu, en parvenant à résoudre un problème plus difficile encore que le précédent. Je travaille à l'insérer dans le même ouvrage, ce qui ne le grossira pas beaucoup, parce que j'ai fait un nouveau commencement plus court que l'ancien. Je suis sûr qu'il me vaudra une place au Lycée, car dans l'état où il est à présent, il n'y a guère de mathématiciens en France (je le répète) capables d'en faire un pareil. Je te dis cela comme je le pense, pour que tu ne le dises à personne.

Thus arose his work entitled *Considérations sur la Théorie du Jeu*—a subject attempted by Buffon and others, but never, it is acknowledged, so solved before. At first Ampère is tormented lest the *idée* should not be strictly original, lest any other head should have anticipated him—a fear soon dissipated; then he is excruciated by a misprint in his calculations—an oversight soon corrected; but both together quite sufficient to involve the birth of this tough offspring in throes which the little wife is very unfairly required to share. But as all this clears off he begins to realize the pride of his achievement. With all his modesty Ampère did not undervalue the travail of his brain. Nor did he allow his judgment to be swayed as to the mode of bringing out his work. One of the official examiners to whom he submitted it urged his reducing it to the level of a larger number of minds by giving examples in figures of his algebraic formula. This he stoutly resists:—"Je lui ferai des exemples, mais je persiste à imprimer mon ouvrage tel qu'il est; ces exemples lui donneraient l'air d'un ouvrage d'écolier." It is true the little folio did not sell, and whoever has seen it would have been astonished if it had.

Meanwhile the French Republic—in other words, Bonaparte—had offered a reward of 60,000 francs for a discovery in electricity and galvanism comparable to those made by Volta and Franklin. Ampère longs to obtain it, but while labouring all day, in and out of school, for absolute necessities, has no leisure to develop what already lay embryonic in his mind. Our own Davy, three years younger even than Ampère, carried off the prize. His utmost ambition now was a professorship "de Lycée," and, if possible, at Lyons, where all his heart centred. New regulations were then making with regard to scientific appointments which opened a larger field:—

Il y aura au moins vingt-deux à quarante Lycées. Mettons quarante; ce sont quarante professeurs de mathématiques et physique à choisir en France. Le gouvernement nommera sur un tableau formé par trois membres de l'Institut d'après les examens et les informations qu'ils auront prises. Il faut absolument que je sois sur ce tableau un des quarante premiers, ou pour les mathématiques ou pour la physique. Mon espérance est de me faire distinguer en parlant également des deux sciences. J'entremerlerai à tout cela mes petites découvertes.

The fruition of all this labour and anxiety was at hand. His "Mémoire sur le Jeu" had been sent to the Institut, and unanimously pronounced a work that could only have proceeded from "une tête forte." The official inspectors also had pronounced his pupils to be forwarder than any others they had examined:—

Je suis sûr du Lycée, et mon succès doit te satisfaire. Je ne suis plus en peine de la fortune de mon fils, mais bien de la manière dont nous vivrons jusqu'à ce que je gagne davantage. Je sens combien il faut économiser l'argent, et encore plus mon temps, qui est ma seule ressource pour parvenir à une grande réputation. Tu regarderas tout cela comme des rêveries, mais je t'assure qu'il n'en est rien; tu verras si mes augures sont trompés. Ce n'est plus la réussite qui m'inquiète, mais la santé de mon amie.

Would that his Julie could have seen the fulfilment of his auguries, and of infinitely more; but the young wife's state had become more and more critical. She writes:—

Ah! la santé est si précieuse que, si je possédais des richesses, pour obtenir

ce bien-là je les sacrifierais toutes! Mais il faut se soumettre, espérer dans l'avenir, prendre patience. Prends-la donc aussi, cette patience, mon fils, et ne te fagote pas comme tu le fais par tes calculs; car se guérir n'est pas un problème qui puisse se résoudre, et nous aurions beau vouloir y parvenir si le Maître de notre être veut que nous soyons ainsi. . . . Mon ami, nous sommes faits l'un pour l'autre; si je me portais bien, nous serions trop heureux.

But we must close the sad story. Julie's letters cease, and her sister writes in her stead. Ampère, now professor at Lyons, resumes in his last anxieties the same form of journal which had given us his first hopes:—"17 avril, dimanche. Je reviens de Bourg pour ne plus quitter ma Julie." Then "Julie bien malade," "Julie plus malade." Then symptoms, prescriptions, further medical advice. Finally, a touching passage poured forth in the furnace of intense solicitude:—

M'ôtez-vous tout bonheur sur cette terre? Vous en êtes le maître, ô mon Dieu! mes crimes m'ont mérité ce châtiment, mais peut-être écoutez-vous encore la voix de vos miséricordes. *Multa flagella peccatoris; sperandum autem in Domino misericordia circumdabit.* J'espère en vous, ô mon Dieu; mais je serai soumis à votre arrêt, quel qu'il soit: j'eusse préféré la mort.

Ô Seigneur! Dieu de miséricorde! daignez me réunir dans le ciel à ce que vous m'aviez permis d'aimer sur la terre.

We must here take leave of Ampère. He is still remembered in Parisian circles (he died in 1836) as the absent, dreaming savant who remained more versed in the secrets of the universe than in the commonest affairs of men; but, till this volume appeared, few men suspected the exquisitely tender and emotional side of the learned, simple, and untidy old man, who to the last wanted his Julie to chide, to guide, to cheer, and to understand him.

POLYGAMY IN UTAH.*

A GENUINE description of Mormon life as seen from within ought to be a very curious book. We have had plenty of such hasty sketches as can be put together by a flying tourist, and some of them have been curiously favourable to the system. In some cases we may set down the complacency with which a degrading institution is thus regarded to the amiable desire of the traveller to startle the proprietors of respectable readers at home. A preference of polygamy to monogamy is piquant in its way, as would be a preference of Mahomedanism to Christianity, or a justification of cannibalism or infanticide. Such little eccentricities are generally regarded as venial, and we need not look too narrowly into the alleged justification. Another class of travellers, again, were probably surprised at discovering that the Mormons had neither horns nor hoofs, but in all external matters resembled industrious emigrants of the ordinary type; and, by a natural rebound, they praised extravagantly a system which was not openly revolting to a casual observer. No such verdicts could be good for much; for it is plain that to form any trustworthy judgment it is necessary to have an intimate experience of Mormon life as seen from within. Mrs. Stenhouse, the writer of the book before us, certainly possesses that qualification. She was for more than twenty years the wife of a Mormon missionary, and during the greater part of that period she was a resident in Utah, where her husband edited a newspaper after having concluded his apostolic labours. She had therefore every opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the working of the system, and, but for one or two considerations, we should be ready to attach a corresponding weight to her testimony. The drawbacks to it are, in the first place, that as Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse have become apostates from the Mormon faith, we must in fairness make due allowance for her regarding all belonging to it through a certain veil of prejudice. On the whole, indeed, she seems to speak dispassionately enough, and makes no special calls upon our credulity. But it must be added that the book, which comes to us adorned with illustrations of very small artistic merit from an American artist, has the outward appearance of a catchpenny production, and may be intended to take advantage of the feeling which has recently been excited by the prosecution of Brigham Young. Even those who would defend such an interference of the Federal Government on grounds of abstract justice must admit that the motives of some of the persons who actually stirred in the matter were of a questionable kind; and as this book is apparently intended to come more or less in aid of their action, it is liable to a shade of the same suspicion. We know absolutely nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse beyond what we learn from this book; but though we agree with them in detesting polygamy, we cannot forget that these particular polygamists have just now pretty good reason to protest against the weapons used against them.

Taking the book with these reserves, we may admit that it gives some information which is significant enough, if not by itself decisive of the point. The story of Mrs. Stenhouse's own adventures is a simple one. Brought up in Jersey as a Baptist, she became teacher of English at a French school in Brittany. She returned after a few years to find that her parents had become Mormons; and she speedily followed their example, under the influence of a young Mormon elder to whom she was married a few months later. He was sent to Italy, and afterwards to Switzerland, as a missionary, and perhaps the most really curious part of the book is the brief notice of his position there. It is at any rate a proof that there is some genuine faith in at least the younger disciples of Mormonism. The missionaries, it seems, receive no pay what-

* *Exposé of Polygamy in Utah.* By Mrs. T. B. Stenhouse. New York: American News Company. London: Trübner & Co.

ever. Mr. Stenhouse started, in implicit obedience to the commands of the Church, to live in a foreign country the language of which he did not know, and with no particular means of support except the vague prospect of making converts and drawing contributions from them. It would be difficult to imagine a human being more out of place than a young Englishman of the Dissenting preacher class suddenly drafted into Italy in the hope of converting the natives to Mormonism. What arguments he used, or what was his success there, does not appear; but in Switzerland, after being reduced to the borders of starvation whilst attempting to learn the language, he succeeded in gradually founding a branch of the Mormon Church. Are we to set this down to the contagious power of all genuine belief, or to the amazing gullibility of the human race, or to the fact that a good many of the Swiss have an eye to America, and might regard Mr. Stenhouse in the secular light of an emigration agent? Probably all these influences had some share in the result; and, if Mrs. Stenhouse's account be accurate, it would appear that the zeal of some of the converts led them to sacrifice considerable pecuniary advantages in order to make the dreary journey—for this was long before the days of the Pacific Railway—across the plains of the great West. After a time Mr. and Mrs. Stenhouse followed their converts. She had already become aware that polygamy was practised at Utah, and had been compelled, much against her will, to convey this piece of information to the wife of one of the converts, who naturally exclaimed, "Quelle religion d'animaux!" and agreed to join Mrs. Stenhouse in opposing the reduction of the theory to practice. After some years spent at Salt Lake City, Mrs. Stenhouse discovered that, in her own case at least, this was not so easy. An intimation was conveyed to Mr. Stenhouse that he ought to take another wife. The person designated for the post was "very pretty and very youthful." Mr. Stenhouse began to pay his addresses, assuring his first wife that it was a very "painful task." He seemed, however, as she observes, "to bear it remarkably well, and went at it with a zeal that was perfectly astonishing to me, who knew, from what he said, how painful it was to him." Ultimately, he married not only this young lady, but another; and Mrs. Stenhouse became the senior wife of three, and, as a very natural consequence, a pervert from Mormonism. She took to studying the "revelation on marriage" originally communicated to Joseph Smith; she would still have preferred, as she declares, to find that her religion was true, to finding that it was false. Her study, however, convinced her that this doctrine at least was not of divine origin; and to doubt one doctrine, in this as in some other cases, was to doubt all. She speedily became convinced of the imposture, and we can easily believe that the logical process so simply described has been followed to the same conclusion by a good many other Mormon wives. Presently Mr. Stenhouse's faith was shaken by a similar, though different, argument. He was ready, as it would seem, to believe it to be his duty to take any number of wives; but Brigham Young put him to a severe test. For some reason or other the prophet ordered him to give up publishing his newspaper at Salt Lake City, and to move to Ogden. Now Ogden—a place with whose fame we are not well acquainted—is, it seems, ill calculated to support a newspaper. In short, the intimation meant that Mr. Stenhouse was to be removed. Therefore he too began to see the error of his ways, and before long gave up his allegiance to the prophet. The removal of the lady and gentleman from Salt Lake City and the publication of this book have been the remoter consequences of their conversion.

If it be asked what light Mrs. Stenhouse's revelations throw upon polygamy, assuming them to be accurate, we can only say that they tell us little more than we should have anticipated for ourselves. Various advantages have been claimed for polygamy by the disinterested advocates of whom we have spoken, and especially in relation to the position of a new colony. They scarcely deserve a serious answer; and, on the whole, one consideration is enough to dispose of them. People at Salt Lake City are pretty much like the class from which they have been drawn in the old countries. They are not, as a rule, possessed of much refinement, and are perhaps inclined to accept without active disgust some consequences of their system which we should regard with very different feelings. To that fact it must be attributed that polygamy has not produced more palpably objectionable results. Still any married woman in any class of life may easily imagine the effect upon her happiness of her husband taking to himself half-a-dozen concubines. Various melancholy stories are told by Mrs. Stenhouse of base deceptions practised by Mormon preachers on their female converts in Europe, and of the miseries which followed when their victims were cut off by vast deserts from the possibility of escape to the outer world. The railway has changed all that, and has doomed polygamy. For, in fact, the system comes to nothing more than licensing a vast amount of brutality and sensuality. The details of the petty miseries which follow are easily conceivable—the jealousy between the rival wives, the attempt of one lady to monopolize a husband by giving him good dinners, and of another to appeal to his compassion by giving him bad dinners (Mrs. Stenhouse thinks, we dare say with justice, that the first plan generally succeeds best), the hardship of seeing a husband's affections usurped by a prettier and younger woman, the breaking up of the family system, the brutal tone encouraged amongst the younger part of the male population, and generally the feminine slavery and masculine demoralization which naturally ensue. One story is rather quaint, and gives a notion of the spirit of feminine intrigue which survives under these altered con-

ditions. A woman applied to a Mormon bishop, and asked his advice for her daughter. The daughter was in love with a married man and refused the addresses of a bachelor. What was she to do? Go to the married man, replied the bishop, and tell him that it is his duty to marry your daughter. The mother smiled and blushed, and replied, "Bishop, thou art the man," and the lady presently became No. 6 or 7 of the episcopal harem. This opens some new suggestions for novelists, but as a picture of common life we may say that Mrs. Stenhouse's account is revolting enough, and all the more so because the grievances which she describes are for the most part commonplace rather than melodramatic. After all, the fact that polygamy is degrading and brutal is not very surprising, but perhaps Mrs. Stenhouse's account may enable people to realize it a little more distinctly than before. We may remark, in reference to one point sometimes noticed, that in Utah the census gives 44,121 males to 42,665 females. Though the disproportion is not so great as in most newly settled countries, there are still more men than women, and we may infer that polygamy is a comparatively rare luxury even in Utah.

Perhaps, as already intimated, the religious aspect of the question is the most really curious. We are so much accustomed to speak of Mormonism as a palpable imposture that it is curious to find even a convert from the system speaking of its adherents as frequently moved by the most genuine and ardent faith in a heap of rubbish which is simply disgusting to an educated mind. Various reflections might be suggested, but at present we are content to remark that, in spite of Captain Burton and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, we see no reason to believe that polygamy in Utah differs from what might have been inferred from *a priori* speculation.

THE CHURCH OF UTRECHT.*

(Second Notice.)

WE have seen that the interruption of communion between the Church of Utrecht and the Holy See dates from the arbitrary deposition of Archbishop Codde, which the authorities, both ecclesiastical and civil, in Holland refused to recognize. This was several years before the appearance of the bull *Unigenitus*, which is often erroneously represented as the cause of the quarrel; and the charges against Codde were so frivolous that they broke down under the investigation of a very hostile Commission appointed to try the case at Rome. It was not, however, till thirteen years after his death that the vacancy of the see was filled up; and this long interregnum, during which the field was left open for the machinations of the Romanizing and Jesuit party among the clergy, was, to say the least, a grave strategical blunder, and is probably the main cause of a comparatively small fraction of the 300,000 Roman Catholics of Holland having remained faithful to their ancient native hierarchy. During the vacancy, the Nunciature in Cologne, inspired of course by the Jesuits, assumed the superintendence of ecclesiastical affairs in Holland, and everything was done to oust and discredit the national clergy, and replace them by Jesuit or *Gesuit* priests. Not that these high-handed measures were tacitly acquiesced in. Several learned works, like the *Batavia Sacra* of Van Heussen, and the treatises of Van Erkel on Canon Law, were published in defence of the rights of the persecuted community, and a solemn appeal was made to a future General Council, based on the precedents of Church history. The Paris Sorbonne, the highest theological authority of the day, acknowledged the justice of the position taken up by the Utrecht Church, and its rights were maintained in public theological discussions at the Universities of Pavia and Vienna, and supported by the home Government. But the want of regular episcopal ministrations—for the whole see was now vacant—had become a grave practical difficulty, though the immediate needs of the moment were supplied through the kindness of Luke Fagan, an Irish prelate, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and three French bishops, acting with the full sanction of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, who administered confirmation at different times in Holland. Later on, another French prelate, Varlet, titular Bishop of Babylon, who had been employed in missionary labours in America, discharged similar good offices, and, after the Jesuits had brought about his deposition on the flimsiest pretexts, he settled in Holland, and was thus enabled, when the time came, to impart consecration to Cornelius Steenoven, who was at length, in 1723, elected by the Chapter of Utrecht as their Archbishop.

Steenoven at once announced his election at Rome and sent in his profession of faith, and an official statement was also addressed to all Catholic bishops, to the Cardinals, the German Chapters, and the Universities. Innocent XIV. made no reply to the communication, but after his death a brief of excommunication was published by the nuncio at Brussels in the name of the Conclave against the "heretics and schismatics at Utrecht and their adherents." A fresh missive, requesting his sanction and blessing, was despatched to the new Pope, Benedict XIII., who also left it unanswered. And so at last in October 1724, after obtaining formal opinions in favour of the regularity of the election from the Universities of Louvain and Paris, and the opinion of the great canonist Van Espen, as to the sufficiency of one bishop for performing the ceremony, Steenoven was consecrated by Bishop Varlet on October 15, 1724. He wrote at once to the Pope, who

* Die althatholische Kirche des Erzbiethums Utrecht. Von Fr. Nippold. Heidelberg. 1872.

replied by a bull of excommunication replete with invective and menace. On his death, in the following April, desperate attempts were made by the Court of Rome to prevent the election of a successor, and they even engaged the Doge of Venice to bring his influence to bear on the Protestant Government, which very properly declined to interfere. Accordingly in May 1725 Barchman Wuytiers was elected to the see, and received letters of sympathy from all parts of the Church, but was answered by the Pope in a bull full of abuse and misstatements, to which the Chapter made a formal reply. Varlet consecrated him September 30, 1725. During his eight years' episcopate the Theological Seminary of Amersfoort was founded, and many learned works were written in vindication of the Church of Utrecht, which also found zealous champions among the French clergy and in the universities of Belgium, Germany, and North Italy. Meanwhile the suffragan sees of Haarlem and Deventer had not been filled up, and it was therefore the more fortunate that Varlet's life was prolonged to a great age, so that he was able to consecrate two more Archbishops of Utrecht in succession—Theodore van der Croon in 1733, and Meindaerts in 1736—a strange attempt made through the Portuguese ambassador to get possession of his person and carry him away having happily miscarried. Two bulls were fulminated at the head of Meindaerts, the first from the deathbed of Clement XII., the second by Benedict XIV., who, on receiving the formal notice of his consecration, denounced him as "a child of unrighteousness, a degenerate son, a crafty wolf," with other polite epithets and many curses. In 1742 Bishop Varlet died, and the pressing necessity thus created for providing against the extinction of the episcopate was met by the appointment and consecration of De Bock to the see of Haarlem; and some years later, in 1758, the see of Deventer was also filled up, both with the sanction of the Government. Several attempts were now made to mediate between the Utrecht Church and the Court of Rome, and abundant evidence of the orthodoxy of the former was produced; but Rome insisted on a subscription to the bull *Unigenitus*, which the bishops could not conscientiously agree to, besides that it was forbidden by the Government. Nicolini, a Florentine nobleman who had interested himself much in the matter, was obliged at length to confess that "peace was impossible so long as the Jesuits, the enemies of God and of princes, survived."

In 1763 an important step was taken by the Utrecht hierarchy in summoning a Provincial Synod, the first held since 1565, just after the establishment of the archiepiscopate. The three bishops and nineteen deputies of the clergy were present, and five points were decided. The Nicene Creed and Creed of Pius IV., and the *Expositio Doctrinae*, sent to Benedict XIV., were set forth as containing the faith of the Church; certain opinions of the Protestant Le Clerc, and others of the Jesuits Hardouin and Berruyer, were condemned; the *Amor Patriæ* of Neercassel, already referred to, was sanctioned and recommended; the Jesuit doctrines of rebellion and tyrannicide were condemned, and certain disciplinary matters settled. These decisions, according to the writer in the Catholic *Tübinger Quartalschrift*, produced a deep impression in the Church generally as to the orthodoxy of the inculcated communion and the exclusive responsibility of the Jesuits for its isolation from Rome. And even at Rome this feeling was openly expressed; the Acts of the Synod were approved by the Inquisition and Cardinals, and Clement XIII. agreed with their judgment; and though the Jesuits contrived to frustrate all attempts at a reconciliation, they could not for some time elicit from the Pope any formal condemnation of the Synod. It was not till two years afterwards that they succeeded in procuring a Papal decree declaring the Synod null and void, and characterizing its members as obstinate sons of perdition, perverse, godless, blind, &c. &c. Clement XIII. also issued the customary bull of excommunication three years later against Van Nieuwenhuysen, the successor of Meindaerts in 1768. But next year he was himself succeeded by Clement XIV., who suppressed the Jesuit order, and would undoubtedly, had he lived longer, have come to terms with their much-enduring victims at Utrecht. He had indeed intimated as much, and a special ambassador, Count Dupac de Bellegarde, was sent from Utrecht, and the day for his audience with the Pope had been fixed. But the day before Clement was seized with the illness—whether due to natural causes or to poison most probably now remain for ever uncertain—from which he never recovered. His successor, Pius VI., was of the opposite school, and issued two violent bulls against the new Bishop of Haarlem, whose appointment was announced to him in 1778, besides publicly commending a mendacious history of the Church of Utrecht by an ex-Jesuit, Mozzi. But the brave little Church still held its own through the revolutionary storms at the end of the eighteenth century. In 1797 James von Rhyn succeeded Nieuwenhuysen, and received the usual anathemas from Pius VII.; but the subjection of Holland to France involved his Church in the most serious peril it had yet encountered since the separation from Rome. Louis Napoleon, the new King, was persuaded by his confessor that the "schismatical" hierarchy should be suffered to die out by forbidding any new appointments, and when shortly afterwards, in June 1808, the Archbishop of Utrecht died suddenly a few days after a very suspicious visit from a strange priest, and, according to the testimony of his physicians, of poison, the King refused permission for the election of a successor. Two years later the Bishop of Haarlem died, and the aged Bishop of Deventer, the sole remaining member of the hierarchy, was brought to death's door from a fall into the water, but eventually recovered. That same year, however, the King found it

necessary to abdicate, and the Emperor Napoleon, who was engaged at that time in a quarrel with Rome, was disposed to look favourably on the claims of the protesting Church, but his ill-omened Russian campaign prevented his taking any steps in the matter. It was not till after the fall of Napoleon and the proclamation of the freedom of Holland in 1814 that the crisis was tided over and a successor to Van Rhyn elected, after a six years' vacancy of the see, in the person of Van Os, President of the Seminary and Vicar-General, who was consecrated on the 24th of April of that year, just a month before Pius VII.'s triumphant entry into Rome, where his first act was to revive the Jesuit order, forty-one years after its suppression by Ganganelli. A few years more and its last surviving members would have been dead, and the revival impossible.

The third period of the history of the Church of Utrecht opens with the consecration of Van Os, but there were still grave difficulties to contend with. William I., King of Holland and Belgium, united by the Treaty of Vienna, was anxious to break off all the traditions of the old republican Government, and therefore to get rid of the national episcopate; and the see of Haarlem was kept vacant for five years, till at last the Archbishop himself filled it up without the Royal sanction. This time the Court of Rome omitted the customary malediction, but found means to induce the Government to refuse its recognition to the new bishop, and did its utmost also to attain its ends by the creation of an Ultramontane literature in Holland, and the foundation of a special brotherhood pledged to the destruction of the obnoxious communion. When Leo XII. sent a nuncio to Holland, the bishops came to the Hague to wait upon him, but were not admitted. In 1825 Van Os was succeeded by Van Santen, and the Government this time compromised matters by acknowledging him as Archbishop *ad*, but not *of*, Utrecht. Both he and the new Bishop of Deventer received their excommunicatory greetings from Leo XII., and a joint declaration against the validity of these bulls was issued by the Archbishop and his suffragans, addressed to all the archbishops, bishops, and clergy of the Catholic Church. Shortly afterwards followed what seems to have been the first and last instance of any conciliatory overtures on the part of Rome. Mgr. Capaccini, whose liberality, statesmanship, and honesty are highly commended by Bunsen, was sent to hold an interview with the Archbishop of Utrecht. A detailed record of their conversation has been preserved, and is quoted by Professor Nippold; and a very instructive document it is, and well deserving careful perusal. The one point at which Capaccini laboured was to induce the Archbishop to sign the notorious formulary of Alexander VII., condemning the five propositions ascribed to Jansen as contained in the *Augustinus* and "in sensu auctoris," which he at first represented as a "triviality" and "a mere form." The Archbishop replied that forms have a meaning, and that, being convinced by a careful perusal of the *Augustinus* that the condemned propositions were not to be found there, he could not conscientiously swear that they were, on the authority of the Pope, for no authority of Pope or Church could alter facts; whereupon Capaccini tried to shake his resolution by a very "wonderful parable." Suppose, he said, a child who had been forbidden by his father to look into a certain room had seen through the keyhole that it had a green table-cloth, and had been afterwards told to sign an inventory describing the cloth as red, he would be bound to do so; for he could not make any use of the knowledge gained by an act of disobedience; nor would this involve any untruthfulness, because he ought to assume that he had been deceived by some optical delusion. In the same way it was wrong for any one to read Jansen's book after it had been condemned, and it was the duty of any one who had read it to assume that he was mistaken if he could not discover what the Pope declared to be contained there. However, neither this ingenious argument, nor the reiterated but somewhat inconsistent assurance that the whole thing was a mere form, could move the Archbishop to violate his conscience. "A drop of ink, and in two seconds all is settled," said Capaccini. "I cannot call God to witness that I believe what I do not believe," replied Van Santen, and so, with many maledictions from the foiled and indignant diplomatist, he went his way, and the breach was not healed. The Opposition bishops of the present day have been more accommodating in going through the "mere form" of subscribing to Papal infallibility, while the German, like the Dutch, Old Catholics have preferred to use language as the expression and not the disguise of thought.

The rest of the tale must be compressed into a few words. In 1853 Pius IX. introduced a Papal hierarchy into Holland, Utrecht and Haarlem being purposely selected as two of the sees. The legitimate bishops addressed an official protest to the Pope, briefly recounting the true state of the case, and requested the Government not to recognize the intrusive hierarchy; and this request was so far successful that their own titles as bishops of their respective sees were again formally acknowledged. Three years later they again made a joint protest against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and set forth in a weighty and learned pastoral the absence of Scriptural or traditional authority for the definition. Van Santen died in 1858, and was succeeded by Henry Loos, who was consecrated in September of that year, and still holds the see of Utrecht. The present Bishop of Haarlem was consecrated in 1865, when he addressed an earnest and respectful appeal for the restoration of communion with the Holy See to Pius IX., who in return "condemned and cursed with all his power this new abortion of unrighteousness" in a brief

directed to the Catholics of Holland. And so matters continue to this day. What gives an additional interest to this community which has so manfully held its position against terrible odds and under such various assaults of violence and fraud for one hundred and seventy years, is the solid learning and profound spirit of piety in its prelates and pastors which has gained them universal sympathy and respect, as well from Catholics as Protestants, beyond their own pale. Professor Nippold, their latest historian, and an advanced Protestant, admits that they are "Catholic to the backbone both in doctrine and worship," but cannot repress his hearty admiration of the pure morality which pervades their whole system of faith and practice. In a supplementary section he gives us the correspondence of the present Archbishop with the German Old Catholics, previously to his agreeing to come and confirm for them, which contains abundant proof, if any were needed, of the strict orthodoxy, in a Roman Catholic sense, of the Church which Rome so haughtily repudiates. The Archbishop required of his petitioners a formal proof of their genuine Catholicity, signified by their assent to the Creed of Pius IV., before consenting to act for them, and the more so because a similar application had formerly been made to Utrecht by the followers of Ronge, "who usurped the name of Catholics." He expresses himself as uniting in their desire for a reform of the Church, but not, as in the days of Luther, wrought in defiance of legitimate authority, which "would be only a second edition of the so-called Reformation." Undoubtedly, as Nippold observes, it is the conservative side of the Old Catholic movement that will receive support from Utrecht. But this is not the place to speculate on the future of the double revolt against Roman autocracy now in progress within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. It is enough to have called attention to an episode in ecclesiastical history which stands alone in the past, and which is only now beginning, after nearly two centuries of forced but not otiose isolation, to mingle in the common stream of the religious life of the present.

THE CHANSON DE ROLAND.*

M. LÉON GAUTIER'S new edition of the *Chanson de Roland* is a work which reflects the greatest credit upon French erudition, and which deserves a much more detailed notice than we can bestow upon it in the space at our disposal. We shall endeavour, however, to enumerate briefly its principal merits.

"La France possède, depuis plus de huit siècles, une Épopée religieuse et nationale." Such are the first words of our author's introduction; he repudiates in the distinctest manner the well-known saying so often (erroneously) ascribed to Voltaire, "Les Français n'ont pas la tête épique"; and he attempts to show that the *Chanson de Roland* combines all the qualities which characterize the true epic poem. Already in a previous work, as yet unfinished (*Les Épopées françaises*), M. Léon Gautier had enumerated the various qualities of the old *chansons de geste*, especially those which belong to what is called the cycle of Charlemagne; he had described their importance from the threefold point of view of history, philology, and literature, and had proved how and why he deems them superior to the metrical romances which have for their subject the exploits of King Arthur. But the numerous works comprised under the general title "La geste du roi" are not all of equal worth; and from the long list, which includes such poems as "Alicamps," "Hun de Bordeaux," "Parise la Duchesse," &c., the *Chanson de Roland* stands out pre-eminently by qualities which ought to secure for it a distinguished place side by side with the Iliad and the Ramayana, and very far above so artificial a poem as the *Aeneid*. We are inclined to think that M. Gautier has taken too little notice of the question of style, which, after all, is a very important one in a literary production; and there is no doubt that the diction of Homer, Dante, and Milton has contributed largely to immortalize their respective poems, while for the same reason the *Chanson de Roland* in its original form must ever address itself to a relatively limited circle of readers. In other respects it can fairly be compared with the great epics that are so familiar to us; Roland himself has much of the character of Achilles about him, Charlemagne is as wise as the ἀνὴρ ἀνδρῶν Ἀγαμέμνων, the Duke Naime reminds us of Nestor, and the subject of the poem appealed to the national feelings of the old Franks quite as much as the siege of Troy did to the patriotism of the Greeks.

Another interesting question connected with the work before us refers to its origin. M. Gautier has sifted it with the utmost care, and he has no difficulty in proving that the spirit of the old *chansons de geste*, including the *Chanson de Roland*, the military and political atmosphere by which, so to say, they are surrounded, and the general ideas they represent, betray a Germanic origin. As M. Gaston Paris remarks (*Revue critique*, June 13, 1868), "L'épopée française, c'est l'esprit germanique dans une forme romane." There is a wide difference between this opinion and the absurd system of Dr. Hugo Meyer (*Abhandlung über Roland*), who, maintaining that the French metrical *gestes* derive immediately and materially from the Scandinavian and Teutonic traditions, would fain make us believe that "the French legend of Roland is nothing else but a modified version of a myth relating to the ancient god Hruodo or Roldo."

It can be proved that during the course of the ninth and tenth

centuries the story of Ronevaux was widely circulated throughout France; wandering *jongleurs* already went from castle to castle, from town to town, singing how the King Marsile concluded with the traitor Ganelon that infamous bargain which the patriotism of the middle ages compared to the agreement made by Judas with the Pharisees of old; they then described in glowing colours the great Charlemagne avenging the catastrophe of his nephew upon the Saracens, whom he cut to pieces, and upon Ganelon, whom he condemned to an ignominious death. But so far we have nothing to deal with except oral traditions; the important thing is to know by what process the *Chanson de Roland* has reached us in the shape it now assumes in the editions of M. Guin, M. Francisque Michel, and finally of M. Léon Gautier. Here two different theories meet us; the one maintained by M. Paul Meyer, who thinks that the various *gestes* were written down immediately from traditions, sometimes contemporaneous, sometimes remote; the other, upheld by M. Gautier, M. Gressart, and M. Gaston Paris, who suppose that each legend, before it was embodied in a metrical romance, found utterance in a series of short popular songs or ballads, to which our author gives, for convenience sake, the name of *cantilènes*. These various *cantilènes*, subsequently revised, polished, and corrected, were put together and harmonized so as to form one artistic whole, whilst at the same time each episode could, and most probably would, be sung separately, according to the taste of the audience before which the *jongleur* had to display his narrative talents. We ought to say here that M. Gautier does not think that the "rhapsodies" were actually soldered together in the original form which they affected at first; but rather that it was their spirit and essence which the *trouvères* reproduced when composing the *chanson de geste*. "Nos premiers épiques," he observes, "n'ont pas soudé réellement, matériellement, des cantilènes préexistantes. Ils se sont seulement inspirés de ces chants populaires; ils en ont seulement empruntés les éléments traditionnels et légendaires; ils n'en ont pris que les idées, l'esprit, la vie. Ils ont trouvé le reste." Without entering here into the details of the argument by which M. Gautier supports his view of the *cantilènes* theory, we must say that it appears to us extremely probable, and that a poem like the *Chanson de Roland* could scarcely belong to the class of compositions of which Helgarius, Bishop of Meaux, in the ninth century said, "Carmen publicum juxta rusticitatem per omnium pene volitabat ora."

The MSS. of the *Chanson de Roland* may be divided into two classes. The first comprises two old *codices* giving the original text of the poem, and preserved, the one in the Bodleian Library (Digby, 23), the other in the library of St. Mark at Venice. Notwithstanding a great many omissions and blunders ascribable to the ignorance of the copyist, the Bodleian MS. is the better of the two; the Venice MS., transcribed by a man who has Italianized the French poem in a deplorable fashion, gives us only the first 3,682 lines of the primitive *geste*. After that portion of the work, we find a reproduction of one of the numerous *rifacimenti* which circulated from the thirteenth century downwards, and which contained arrangements, amplifications, and other modifications of the original poem. These *rifacimenti*, to the number of six, constitute the second class or family of MSS. They cannot of course claim the same authority as those we have previously described; but they often supply excellent readings, and are of much use in helping M. Gautier to fill conjecturally several *lacunes* existing in the Bodleian and Venice *codices*. These corrections have been printed in italics in the supplement to the present edition.

We shall not stop to notice our editor's remarks on the versification of the *Chanson de Roland*, and the excellent *résumé* he gives us of the rules of prosody which governed mediæval French. Passing from the structure of each line to the general character of the stanzas or *laissez*, as they are called, we observe certain of these stanzas where the same ideas are repeated, nearly in identical words, although with different assonances; e.g. the dialogue between Marsile and Ganelon (st. xl, xli, xlii), the descriptions of Durendal (st. clxxii, clxxiii, clxxiv), &c. Here again various opinions have been propounded to explain these repetitions. M. Fauriel imagined that the scribe, having under his eyes several readings, instead of selecting the best, copied them all in succession, without taking the trouble to make a choice. M. G. Paris is inclined to believe that the different *redactions* of the same stanza generally correspond to different historical traditions; thus the two following lines of the stanza cccxix.—

Ami Rollant, jo m'en trai en France;
Cum jo serai à Loün en ma cambre—

seem to be in contradiction with the introductory lines of stanza cccxxx:—

Ami Rollant, prozdom, juvente bele,
Cum jo serai ad Ais en ma capete.

M. Gaston Paris (*Histoire poétique de Charlemagne*) sees in the former of these couplets a Capetian, and in the latter a Carolingian, origin. Speaking generally, it is impossible to offer a solution applicable to all the instances of what M. Gautier calls *redactions similaires*. Some apparent repetitions are really developments of an idea the importance of which is well justified a certain *copia fundi*; in other cases M. Gaston Paris seems to have found out the true answer to the objections raised by critics; finally, with reference to the passages just quoted, it is absolutely unnecessary that we should admit the hypothesis of a twofold *redaction* arising out of political or dynastic circumstances.

Que d'inraisemblances! [M. Gautier exclaims.] Et n'y a-t-il pas une

* La *Chanson de Roland*. Nouvelle édition, avec introduction, notes, glossaire, index, etc. Par M. Léon Gautier. 2 vols. 8vo. Tours: Marne.

explication cent fois plus naturelle? Dans ce passage de notre poème, Charles pense à son retour en France; il passera d'abord à Laon avant d'arriver à Aix, et, dans ces deux villes, on viendra successivement s'informer auprès de lui de Roland, son neveu, qui est mort. Voilà qui est simple et vrai!

It is well known that the authorship of the *Chanson de Roland* is a point which has never been satisfactorily explained. With the usual rashness which characterizes his conclusions, M. Génin ascribed the composition of the poem to a *trouvère* of the name of Théroude or Thurold; but his only evidence for so doing was the last line—

Ci fait la geste que Turoldus declinet—

from which it is impossible to do more than affirm that the "geste" in question was either composed by a poet called Thurold, or merely sung by a *jongleur*, or even only transcribed by a humble copyist bearing that name. If, however, the real Simon Pure cannot be positively identified, it is easier, on the other hand, to determine of what country he was the native; and this M. Gautier has done in the most ingenious and, to our mind, satisfactory manner. The Oxford MS. is written in the Anglo-Norman dialect, and thus at the beginning of our inquiry we find ourselves in possession of a fact which we must not neglect, although it should not be made too much of, for the person who transcribed the MS. might have thrown into his own language the original with which he had to deal. But we have to notice, further, that throughout the whole poem constant stress is laid upon the festival of *Saint Michel du Péril*. On that anniversary Charlemagne holds a solemn rejoicing to celebrate the submission of the King Marsile and the conclusion of the war; at the moment of Roland's death an earthquake occurs, which is felt from "Seint-Michel del Peril josqu'à Reims"; finally, the last angel who visits the hero in his dying moments is "Seint Michel del Peril." Now this name immediately suggests St. Michael's Mount in the Avranches district of Normandy, where the Bollandist historians tell us that St. Aubert, eleventh Bishop of Avranches, complying with a direction given to him by the Archangel, built a church "*in monte Tumba . . . ad montem Sancti Michaelis de periculo maris*." From these circumstances we are justified in believing, with M. Léon Gautier, that the author of the *Chanson de Roland* probably belonged by birth to that part of Normandy whither pilgrims during the whole mediæval epoch flocked assiduously for the purpose of imploring the protection of St. Michael upon travellers who stood "in peril of the sea."

The *geste* of Roncevaux soon obtained a popularity which it deserved both from a literary and an historical point of view, and unfortunately this popularity led to the composition of a great amount of rubbish. Let us name, for instance, the well-known chronicle ascribed to Archbishop Turpin. A praiseworthy desire of exalting the character of Roland induced the author, or rather the authors, of this wretched trash to compose their narrative, but they altered completely the portrait of the hero, and made it a downright caricature. "Roland was a Christian," says M. Gautier; "the pseudo-Turpin transforms him into a schoolman. He argues, speechifies, symbolizes, and subtilizes; how much I preferred him when he was dealing with his sword those heavy blows which were more opportune and more useful! He says off by heart the treatise *De Trinitate*; I like better to see him in the thick of the fight, his arms red with blood. Then we find him offering up a prayer which extends over two pages; he pleased me more when he prayed in two words, holding out naively to God the glove of his right hand. He was thus a soldier, a Christian soldier; the pseudo-Turpin has transformed him into a churchwarden."

M. Gaston Paris, whom we have already had occasion to quote, wrote some years ago an excellent Latin essay on the Chronicle we are now discussing, and M. Gautier gives us a short résumé of it. The favour with which this wretched compilation was received appears from the fact that as many as fifty MS. copies of it are enumerated by M. Potthast in his *Bibliotheca Historica*; twenty of these *codices* are preserved amongst the collections of the Paris National Library. It is ascertained now that the Chronicle is the work of two authors, the former of whom lived about the middle of the eleventh century, whilst the latter wrote his portion of the narrative between the years 1109 and 1119. In reading the first five chapters we are struck by the circumstance that the anonymous author is thoroughly acquainted with Spain, and even with the history of the Saracens; the only French hero he introduces is Charlemagne; the sole object he has in view is the glory of the national saint of the Spaniards, St. James of Compostella; he never pretends to be the Archbishop Turpin, whom he only names, once and in the third person. The writer of the last twenty-seven chapters, on the contrary, is a Frenchman; he borrows largely from the various *chansons de geste* the absurd tales which he would fain make us accept as history, and his principal aim is evidently to amuse his readers. From considerations which we cannot stop to develop here, it seems probable to M. Gautier that the author of the second part of the pseudo-Turpin was a clerk belonging to the diocese of Guy of Burgundy, Bishop of Vienne, in France, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, and whose brother Raimond was Earl of Galicia. Whilst on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella in the train of the prelate, he no doubt found the MS. containing the first five chapters of the Chronicle, and tacked his own nonsense on to them. At any rate, as M. Gautier observes, all the literary documents of the middle ages which treat of Roland and Roncevaux may be divided into

two families, according as they follow the fables of the pseudo-Turpin or the legend of the *chanson de geste*.

The alterations introduced into the history of Charlemagne's nephew by the chroniclers of whom we have been speaking bear upon the substance of the narrative; we have said nothing of another class of modifications made in the style of the poem, and which are essentially literary in their character. We hope to examine these on a future occasion, when we may have an opportunity of pointing out more fully the merits of the Oxford MS., and of showing how we depend upon it for determining the primitive text of the celebrated *chanson*.

PLANCHÉ'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

WE have here two goodly octavo volumes full of amusing and often instructive gossip. And if no one can gossip more pleasantly, certainly few have a better right to gossip than Mr. J. R. Planché, who, if he has not exactly led a life of adventure, has experienced much and known many persons about which and whom it is difficult to talk without affording entertainment to a large class of readers. It may be fairly said that in the pages of his autobiography Mr. Planché comes before the public in four distinct characters. First, he is an accomplished man of the world, seventy-six years of age, who from youth has been familiar with the stage and mixed with the best literary and theatrical society. Secondly, he has been one of the most prolific dramatists of his day, having originated a species of drama with respect to which he has remained altogether without a rival. Thirdly, he is a distinguished archæologist, having profited early by the instructions of Dr. Meyrick, and devoted himself especially to the study of costume. Fourthly, he has held for nearly twenty years the rank of *Rouge Croix* Pursuivant in the Herald's College, and has consequently paid official visits to foreign Courts when some potentate has been invested with the Order of the Garter. A gentleman who can be placed under so many categories, and who, like Mr. Planché, is blessed with either a very retentive memory or a very capacious note-book, has assuredly much to tell.

He was born in Old Burlington Street on the 27th of February, 1796. Both his parents, though born in London, were the children of French Protestant refugees, and he was originally intended to pursue his father's vocation of watch-making. This plan failing, he was articled to a bookseller, under whose rule his theatrical propensities were soon developed. He acted at amateur theatres, and, with the view of creating for himself an original part, wrote a burlesque of the old *Bombastes Furioso* school, entitled *Amoroso, King of Little Britain*. Falling into the hands of Mr. Harley, this piece, to the surprise of its author, found its way to the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, where it was performed by an excellent company, with great success, in April 1818, being the first of upwards of a hundred and fifty acted works from the same prolific pen. By this success Mr. Planché did not gain a shilling, but it encouraged him to become a regular writer for the stage, and in August 1820 his melodrama, *The Vampire; or, the Bride of the Isles*, the first piece which gained him a permanent reputation, was brought out at the Lyceum, with Mr. T. P. Cooke as the Monster—a part in which the celebrated actor, who had not yet commenced his nautical career, afterwards created a *furor* in Paris. To sustain his character for accuracy of costume, Mr. Planché anxiously reveals the fact, that in the French drama from which his own was adapted a superstition peculiar to Eastern Europe had been transferred to the Highlands of Scotland, where it was totally unknown. In vain did he exhort the manager of the Lyceum to correct the absurdity. Scotch music was desired, Scotch dresses were in stock, so, in spite of all remonstrance, the Vampire, Scotch in France, remained Scotch in the London Strand.

In 1822 Mr. Planché was introduced to Mr. Charles Kemble, who had just succeeded to the management of Covent Garden, to which theatre he attached himself for six seasons. Here he produced his first opera, *Maid Marian*, to which Bishop composed the music, and which affords him the opportunity of making a remark on the relations between the novelist and the stage. The opera was based on a novel by Mr. Peacock, the property of a bookseller of Bond Street, who threatened to prevent its performance as an infringement of copyright. Thus was raised a vexed question concerning which opinions vary even at the present day. Mr. Planché considers that a drama based on a novel is an advertisement of the latter, for which the novelist or his publisher ought to be rather grateful than otherwise. To show that he is not singular, he cites the instance of Sir Walter Scott, who encouraged the dramatic adaptation of his own works, and records the fact that after the success of *Maid Marian* he had piles of novels sent to him both by authors and publishers for that very purpose. The free-trade argument is thus formulated. The author is especially on the safe side; for if the adaptation is good, and the piece successful, he has the chief glory and a brisk sale for his book; whereas, if it fails, the dramatist is the sufferer in purse as well as in reputation. On the other side are urged the cases of the novelist who wishes to dramatize his own novels and of him who does not wish to see them dramatized

* *The Recollections and Reflections of J. R. Planché ("Somerset Herald")*: a Professional Autobiography. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.

at all. These cases, Mr. Planché contends, are so very exceptional that they prove the rule; but he considers that the permission of the novelist should be "courteously entreated" before his work is touched.

That reformation of theatrical costume which honourably distinguishes modern managements clearly originated with Mr. Planché, who, through all his theatrical vicissitudes, has been true to the core as an archaeologist. John Kemble had abolished the bag-wig of Brutus and the gold-laced suit of Macbeth, which his predecessors had tolerated; but his improvements were based upon no defined principle, and so long as a costume was not after the fashion of the actual age, he did not think it mattered much to what particular reign or country it belonged. Thus the whole series of acted Shakspearian plays the scene of which is laid in England, *King Lear* and *Henry VIII.* both included, were dressed in habits of the Elizabethan era. Mr. Planché, though at this time rather a sentimental than an erudite archaeologist, felt that there was something wrong in such arrangements, and fortunately made the acquaintance of Dr. (afterwards Sir Samuel) Meyrick, who had just published his *Armour*. Here began the real antiquarian education of Mr. Planché, and let us add of Covent Garden Theatre, where, in 1823, *King John* was revived under the gratuitous superintendence of the enthusiastic young reformer with immense success. Of the allegation that this reform in the article of costume has caused a subjugation of the drama to its accessories, Mr. Planché is well aware, and he grasps the difficulty with a firm hand. If it is understood that in a dramatic performance, as in a dramatic reading, the costume of a period is not to be shown, then by all means let the performers wear modern evening dresses; on the other hand, if there is to be some show of costume, let the representation be correct. To Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's opinion, that the era to which a piece belongs may be sufficiently indicated by certain conventional types of costume, though this is also the opinion of Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Planché is decidedly opposed, shrewdly asking what conventional costume should be selected for the leading personages in *King John*. To us it appears that Mr. Planché is in the right. The question between correctness and incorrectness of costume is by no means to be identified with the question between sufficient and excessive decoration. If all the characters in *King John* were clad in Chinese dresses, a pageant of crushing splendour might be the result; and glaring inaccuracy would thus perpetuate the evil of which excessive accuracy is, according to some, the supposed root.

It must, however, be borne in mind that Mr. Planché, now a herald by profession, was always one at heart; and when he reminds us that on the Lord Mayor's Day of 1824 his adaptation of old Rowley's comedy, *A Woman Never Vexed*, was produced at Covent Garden with the Lord Mayor's Show as an appropriate pageant, we suspect that the boundary between sufficient and excessive decoration was passed, and that the future Rouge Croix got the better of the dramatist, though doubtless City magnificence as it existed in the time of Henry VI. was copied to a nicety. One circumstance connected with the production of this play is very curious. Though in five acts it was performed without a prologue, and this was considered such a daring innovation that the terrified stage-manager predicted a demolition of the benches. Even by the middle-aged playgoer that conventional address to the audience which, totally distinct from the explanatory prologues of Euripides and Plautus, and closely corresponding to the preliminary speech of Terence, was expected by our fathers as a matter of course, is now an institution so totally forgotten that the very word "prologue" has changed its signification, and denotes a first act from which the second is separated by a considerable lapse of time. A pageant representing the Coronation of Charles X. on the 20th of May, 1825, must have been a job after Mr. Planché's own heart, for he went professionally to Rheims to make the drawings of the dresses and decorations, and witnessed all the ill-omened splendours of the occasion. The imitative Coronation took place at Covent Garden in the following July.

By writing the libretto for *Oberon*, the subject of which had been chosen by C. M. von Weber himself, and which was produced at Covent Garden in 1826, Mr. Planché took a position as a writer of English opera which circumstances prevented him from turning to due account. One of the most painful chapters in his book is that which contains the correspondence between him and Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. The great composer wanted to compose an opera for the English stage, and was pleased with Mr. Planché's undertaking to write the libretto, pleased also with the chosen subject, the "Siege of Calais." But when the book was in progress all sorts of objections were made, which friends will attribute to excessive refinement, and foes to unaccountable caprice, unless indeed the latter accept Mr. Planché's explanation that the musician, who stood pre-eminent in all the departments of his art except the dramatic, feared to enter into competition with operatic favourites. We shall not express an opinion on a controversy which perhaps will be hotly discussed on both sides; but we cannot help owning that the correspondence between the composer and the librettist strongly reminds us of the conduct of Julia towards the sempstress, described by Fathom in Sheridan Knowles's *Hunchback*. The letters begin with 1838, and continue far into 1839, belonging to a period when, under the management of Mr. Bunn, the music of opera was constantly wedded to the most trashy verse that ever disgraced the stage of a civilized country. The written records of English opera, if Mr.

Planché had improved his position as a lyrical dramatist, would have been far different from those which we now possess.

In December 1829 Mr. Planché was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and in the following February the Garrick Club was opened with a dinner, at which the Duke of Sussex presided, while the general company included the majority of the principal dramatists and actors then living. A most important event in the life of our dramatist was the opening of the Olympic Theatre in January 1831, by Madame Vestris. Here, with the burlesque *Olympic Revels*, in the composition of which Mr. Planché was assisted by the late Mr. Charles Dance, commenced that series of pieces with which, in the history of the drama, his name will be chiefly associated. It was by writing a burlesque of the *Bombastes* school—that is to say, a bewigged mock tragedy—that he commenced his career; it was by following in the path indicated by *Midas*, and dramatizing the myth of Pandora, that he became the originator of modern extravaganza. Every Christmas was signalized by a mythological burlesque from the same hands, until Greece was changed for Fairyland, and Mr. Planché, rummaging out an adaptation of a French piece based on Perrault's well-known tale, and entitled *Riquet à la Houppe*, brought it out in 1836 at the Olympic. When Madame Vestris, having quitted Wych Street, became the manager of Covent Garden, she found pantomime indispensable, and Mr. Planché's fairy pieces, which he now wrote alone, were produced not at Easter, but at Christmas. The list of them continues through a subsequent engagement of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews at the Haymarket, and their management of the Lyceum, which commenced in 1847, and terminates at the Olympic, under the management of Mr. Wigan, which began in 1853. Perrault exhausted, the plots were chiefly taken from the stories of the Countess d'Aulnoy; and it is worthy of note that the gradually developed picture which is now known everywhere as a "transformation scene" was first exhibited at the Lyceum in 1849, not in a pantomime, but in Mr. Planché's Christmas piece, the *Island of Jewels*, the painter being Mr. William Beverley. The technical word, "transformation scene" we should observe, was first applied to this description of picture when it was transferred from burlesque to pantomime, and refers not to the changes which it comprises, but to the circumstance that it is shown at that point of the pantomime when the characters of the introduction are supposed to be transformed into those of the harlequinade.

A few years ago burlesque became so serious a nuisance that we may seem to pay Mr. Planché a doubtful compliment by tracing it to him as its origin. But here is a case in which the father is by no means to be visited with the sins of his children. Mr. Planché wrote fanciful pieces, interspersed with music, for the employment of real artists—Madame Vestris, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. J. Bland, Miss Priscilla Horton, Mr. F. Robson—and is wholly irresponsible for the grotesque dances, the slang, and the exhibition of talentless beauty, which have wrought such mischief to the stage. If we may judge him by his works, his mind naturally takes two directions—one that of mediæval archaeology, and the other that of the courtly fairyland depicted by Madame d'Aulnoy, whose tales he has carefully edited. His profundity in folklore, in that species of learning which dates from the labours of the Brothers Grimm, we should be disposed to doubt; but that particular aspect which belongs to fairies, when they appear not as objects of popular belief, but as good subjects for fanciful tales such as graceful ladies may write, has for him a peculiar fascination. His comedies and farces are mostly adaptations, but his *féeries fantastiques*, with the exception of the first, are completely his own, and there is more poetry than fun in his treatment of a chosen material. He has even tried to extend the domain of the fanciful drama beyond its ordinary limits; he has tried to introduce the French *revue*, the speaking harlequin, familiar to Paris in the days of Louis XIV., and the comedy of Aristophanes; and though in these innovations he has not been very successful, they serve to illustrate a marked idiosyncrasy. The vulgar and the sensual are abhorrent to his nature, but to the free play of fancy he would set no bounds.

The account of Mr. Planché's visits to foreign Courts in his heraldic capacity is perhaps the least interesting portion of his work. It is necessarily too brief to afford much instruction, and is about as amusing as a Court Circular. For his merits as an archaeologist, save when connected with the theatre, we must refer to his other publications, but we would not let the fact be ignored that the conversion of the Tower of London from a storehouse of palpable lies into a respectable Museum is the result of his industry and zeal. To the portions of his book which will chiefly interest the general reader we have scarcely adverted at all, simply because we know not how to deal with them. So many and so good are the anecdotes he relates, that two or three could not be taken from the rest by any process more critical than the toss of a halfpenny. We will only state that he is perfectly familiar with stories already in print, and scrupulously avoids beaten ground. That nothing may be wanting to the attraction of his volumes, they are adorned with several facsimiles of quaint sketches by Thackeray, Alfred Crowquill, and MacLise. Nay, one thing is wanting. While engaged on the work of pictorial illustration, Mr. Planché might have given us the portrait of himself.

MY GARDEN.*

IN one sense this may be called a great book, in another a small one. It is great in that its author has endeavoured, so to speak, to catch Nature, animate and inanimate, in a trap of some seven acres and a half, and to chronicle all its everyday features and operations with a sort of Boswellian fidelity; it is small, in that these seven and a half acres are the little corner of Beddington Park and of Wallington Hamlet in Surrey, whereof Mr. Smee is the possessor, and to which he is wont to repair from the closer atmosphere of the City; so that, perhaps not unnaturally, his account of "my garden" is one of the most egotistically written productions we ever remember to have set eyes upon. A facile and fluent pen, which seldom stays its course for doubtful syntax or to verify quotations, enables him to go off at score when he is describing such features of his variously-disposed nutshell as the fern-glen (p. 40), which reads for all the world like a paragraph of one of George Robins's advertisements; the pear-tree walk which consists of two hundred kinds of pears; the Alpiner, a feature more successful in its idea than in its name; or the croquet-ground, which is an oblong with rounded corners, "selected," as most croquet-grounds would be were it feasible, "for the partial shade which noble elms afforded from the sun in the afternoon, a time at which this game is usually played," and which hardly needs for its clearer conception the engraving which shows how in "my garden" we stick our hoops—much as other people do. The author views his little paradise through his own magnifying-glass, and dignifies all his hobbies by the most high-sounding names, as may be seen by the ascription of the epithet "crystal" to a very mild waterfall at the boundary of his garden, which flows to Mr. Smee's eye "like a sheet of glass" under a singularly prosaic and cockney bridge. In truth the records of "my garden," while meritoriously minute, are strangely out of proportion to their commonplace character. A royal octavo volume of above six hundred pages is devoted to the history of what Mr. Smee's "angulus iste" has been, we had almost said, since the Flood, and of what his own hands and taste and ingenuity have made it.

It would be uncondid to deny that amidst the vast quantity of "small beer" chronicled in these six hundred pages there are a few shrewd suggestions, and here and there a bit of practical experience. The danger is that these will escape notice in so bulky a volume; but it is some consolation that, on whatever branch of horticulture one may wish to dwell, there is some little book that tells all that is needed much better and more pleasantly. Roses, for example, may be studied far more satisfactorily in Mr. Hole's "Little Book"; trees and shrubs in Grigor on Arboriculture; "fungi" in Badham or Berkeley; and Alpine plants in Mr. William Robinson's work on the subject. And the total of information which the keenest inquirer could extract from the mass of matter congested into Mr. Smee's book would, we are certain, be found infinitesimally small, as regards value and novelty, in comparison with that contained in the just published half-yearly volume of the new gardening paper, the *Garden*, published by Mr. Robinson. What we do gather from Mr. Smee's account of his garden, with its valuable accessories of good printing and wonderfully good illustrations, is sorely marred by a pretentiousness which divers literary blemishes show to be hollow, and by rash experiments on the patience of the ordinary reader. His style savours strongly of grandiloquence, qualified by an affectation which calls vegetables "vegetals," and by occasional slipshod—e.g., where he says "his garden is an experimental garden, designed to obtain information." No doubt it is very fine to contravert the theory of the parent plant becoming worn out, as in the case of Ribston and Golden Pippins, by the instance of the Jargonelle, which Mr. Smee tells us has "been propagated from the time of the Romans in the past, and so may be continued till that indefinite period when the New Zealander of the future may be supposed to swallow up the English, as the Americans now do the Indians." Yet it were to be wished that one who would have himself thought an authority upon the horticultural literature of the Romans had taken the trouble to impress his readers a little more with the accuracy of his research as to the mention of fruits, flowers, and herbs by the most familiar Augustan poets, and with the soundness of his acquaintance with the Latin language. Mr. Smee contents himself with citing Horace's opinion of the digestibility of lettuce—as from "Saturn IV," and his mention of "chiorea levesque malve" as from Ode 31. Would he be surprised to learn that Horace wrote more than one book of Satires, and several books of Odes? In p. 131 he betrays a graver ignorance of the classics in quoting, as from Virgil, this passage about "apium," or parsley, which he prints so as to convince us that he takes it for an hexameter—

Apium igitur inter herbas coronarias memorandum est.

And in p. 113 he cites, as from the works of Virgil, the lyric line, "Dispicent nexæ philyræ coronæ," which a fourth-form boy might have told him came from Horace. But this is not so damning a proof of want of scholarship as the use in p. 356 of a hybrid compound which will dismay the merest tiro in the Latin and Greek languages. When Mr. Smee takes upon him to discuss the edibility of fungi he might legitimately call fungus-eaters "mycophagists," but he has hit upon a more recondite and uncommon

substitute. Having read of "anthropophagists," and knowing that "fungi" is the genitive singular of fungus, he has moulded a compound, as he thinks, out of the Latin and the Greek upon a misconceived analogy, and literally printed the word "fungiophagists."

We cannot find much in the details which the author of *My Garden* sets down from his experience to compensate for literary blundering and bad taste. We look, for instance, at the chapter on "Grafting," and fail to find any new light upon the subject, or anything to show that he has studied the handy French treatise of M. Baltet, or the papers upon the same subject in the *Garden*. In the chapter on "Principles of Gardening" there is a great deal of philosophizing at second-hand, with just one or two such matters of fact as that at Florence "rotten wood" takes the place of peat for rhododendrons and azaleas; that "the best mode of supplying needful food to plants is to use the excreta of animals"; and that "you may so water asparagus or cabbage-beds with a solution of putrid animal matter that these vegetables may become offensive." Perhaps the clearest case of incapacity to discern what is worth chronicling, and what not, is to be found in the chapter on "Gardening Tools." The tools used in *My Garden*, and engraved, no doubt, at some expense in its pages, are one and all familiar to the merest novice in gardening. The spade, the drainer's spade, and the pickaxe, figured in p. 57, are implements seen every day in all parts of the country. Does Mr. Smee really think that in any garden—letting alone "my garden"—a wheelbarrow and a handbarrow can be dispensed with? Or need he have enriched his pages with an engraving of Green's "Mowing-machine," seeing that it figures in each of the hundred and one circulars which fill the post-bags of all possible buyers and readers of Mr. Smee's work? Under the head of Glass-houses and Structures, bathos is reached in a description and drawing of the common square iron-framed hand-glass (fig. 90); and for our own part we fail to see anything new, except the name, in the cheap glass structure, lowered, drainage and water-level permitting, four and a half feet into the ground, which he calls "the Poor Man's House." At a time when owners of walled gardens have been reduced to despair by their oft-mocked hopes of wall-fruit, we are loth to accept in full Mr. Smee's discouraging experience as to Orchard Houses, although his calculations of the relative value and labour of wall and orchard-house fruit-growing are entitled to the credit of seasonableness, as is his suggestion that paraffin oil-lamps are likely to be found a useful anti-frost agent in glass houses. It is disappointing too, or would be were the weight of authority on his side, to find the author of *My Garden* depreciating the "cordon" "as an idle vanity unworthy of scientific horticulture," "as a fanciful conceit rather than a practically useful contrivance"; but we may console ourselves by learning that this is the testimony of one who admits that "he has seen trees so trained covered with fine fruit in France"; and of one, too, so "dispar sibi" that in the same page in which he sneers at the cordon he justifies forcing the "early Juneating apple in a pot, to be shown at the end of May," on the ground that "though a vanity, many vanities which pass for pleasures are more stupid." It is characteristic of the author that his own plans are never quite "vanities," at least in his own judgment. Else we might have thought he would have foregone the pleasure of recording his plan for protecting the pear-crops in spring—a grand conception, no doubt, had it been suffered to come to the birth:—

I once [he writes] thought of trying an experiment by covering my pyramids with crinoline. For this purpose I went to a large manufacturer, but could not agree upon a reasonable price. On a sudden the vendor said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but what possibly can be your object in wanting to buy so many crinolines?" "To cover my fruit trees," was the reply. Whereupon the dismay of the manufacturer was great, as he declared that their use for such an object would cast a lasting ridicule upon the article and injure its sale.

It is not wonderful that a writer who holds this stillborn project worth recording should equally enjoy telling us that the "solanum anthropophagorum," one of the capsicum tribe, is used by the savages as a relish and digestive condiment for human flesh, which is cruder when plain roast or boiled; that he plants a little "absinthe" in his garden, in order to point out to his friends in England the danger of introducing into this country a drug so extensively pernicious in France; and that "rhubarb is very much used in London for champagne at balls." It is, however, not wholesome, and frequently disagrees with the stomach. "Persons," he adds, "should always be on their guard against rhubarb." We should think so, especially at supper-parties. This sort of garrulosity pervades the whole book. In a section on the worms of "my garden" Mr. Smee thinks it worth while to tell us "that at night after a fall of rain, the lob-worm or earth-worm comes to the surface, but leaves the end of its tail in its hole, and on the slightest noise rapidly withdraws." In another very short one about "Leeches," it is recorded that "we have leeches in our lakes. I have not determined the species, but one kind is possibly the 'hirudo piscium.'" As to salmon-fry, which have so little connexion with "my garden" or its waters that he had to go to Hereford to see them on their pilgrimage from thence to the sea, his garrulosity takes the form of a sort of libel upon the local magistracy. He is informed, "on undeniable authority," that the Herefordshire magistrates like them for breakfast, and therefore cannot judge accurately between salmon-fry and the fry of other fish. In fact, there is so much surplussage and verbiage and book-making about the work that the good ideas in it are overlaid

* *My Garden: its Plan and Culture, together with a General Description of its Geology, Botany, and Natural History.* By Alfred Smee, F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. Illustrated with 1,250 Engravings. London: Bell & Daldy. 1872.

and smothered. One such is that of cultivating pyramid instead of standard rose-trees (p. 273); another that of rearing swans to devour the all-encroaching water-weed *Anacharis*—a useful notion, borrowed from Professor Owen (p. 341). Another is, that lady-birds should be encouraged as allies in the destruction of the enormously prolific pest of "aphides" (p. 429); and another, that a piece of sulphur as big as a bean burnt once a week in the fruit-room is the best preservative against the oidium, or fungus, so destructive of kept fruit (p. 367). The drawback to this last is the smatch of sulphur which clings to the fruit thus guarded. We have also one or two bits of curious natural history, such as that of the caddis-worm's cleverness in house-building (pp. 480-1), and the like. But the foolish egotism of the work sorely detracts from its merits, even as a compilation; and to originality it has not the ghost of a pretence. Superficial readers may dip into it, and fancy they see another Gilbert White, though minus his discrimination and tact. Ladies and children may not object to it for its pretty pictures, though amongst these are too many mill-wheels and mill-dams, and though the figures of apples and pears drawn to one-third of their diameter and uncoloured are of no manner of use. Practical people will seek, and find, everything they are likely to want in treatises of less pretension and more solid value.

THOMS ON THE DEATH-WARRANT OF CHARLES I.*

IN an interesting pamphlet, reprinted for private circulation, with corrections, from *Notes and Queries*, Mr. Thoms has examined the official narrative of the trial of Charles I. by the light of the original warrant, which, though familiar by facsimile since 1750, appears to have escaped the scrutiny of our best historians. As to this document being the one under which the King suffered no doubt can exist. "It came from the possession of Colonel Hacker, one of the three officers to whom it was addressed, when he was arrested in 1660, and by whom it was produced before the House of Lords, where it has ever since remained." We have heard of the custodian of a valuable collection of coins in Dublin remarking in answer to an inquiring visitor, "Faith, they're all in a bag"; but the Assistant Librarian of the House of Lords has already shown his sense of the value which documents, like other relics, derive from inspection. Readers of Macaulay will remember his recognition of Mr. Thoms's services in connexion with the original MS. of the Comprehension Bill, the progressive modifications of which were deciphered under the cancellations; nor have we forgotten the share he took in unearthing for the Ritual Commission the supposed lost MS. Prayer Book. Mr. Thoms's natural indisposition to believe anything except on good evidence, doubly sharpened by contact with pretended centenarians and *soi-disant* Princesses, is free from that proneness to overstate one's case which the habitual exercise of doubt begets in the minds of most literary sceptics.

The authorised report of the King's trial, entitled the *True Copy of the Journal of the High Court of Justice for the Trial of King Charles I.*, was compiled by Phelps, the Clerk to the Commissioners, who had just before his appointment succeeded Elysing as Clerk to the House of Commons. Phelps's minutes of their proceedings, which Nalson published in 1683, and which are reprinted in the *State Trials*, were produced before the House of Commons by an order of the 9th February, 1649, on the same day that "An Act for restraining and preventing the printing and publishing of the passages and proceedings of the High Court of Justice" was introduced. They commence on the 8th of January, 1649, with the first meeting of the Commissioners appointed under the second Ordinance for the trial of the King, and extend to their last meeting on the 30th, the morning of the execution. The history of the first Ordinance, which originated in a Resolution of the House of Commons of the 26th of December, and was rejected on January 3rd by the Lords, without a division, in a House of only twelve peers, does not require notice. The Commons, upon learning its rejection, determined, with closed doors, to dispense with the assistance of the other Chamber. Mr. Thoms's account of what followed, which is obviously taken from the introduction to the report in the *State Trials*, differs materially from the Commons Journals:—"On January 4 Master Garland presented to the House of Commons a new Ordinance for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of the King (the Lords having rejected the former one), which Ordinance was read a first, second, and third time, assented to and passed the same day; and it was ordered that no copy be delivered" (p. 4). The facts are briefly these:—The "new" Ordinance—probably the first one revived, for Rushworth describes it as an "expedient in substance like the former"—was prepared on the 3rd by a Committee who reported it during the same sitting to the House; it was then read a first and second time and referred to another Committee of twenty-four, to meet that afternoon in the Speaker's Chamber. On the 4th their report was received, and the Ordinance ordered to be engrossed, but the Clerk was forbidden to deliver any copies. The order for its engrossment appears to have been repeated the next day. On the 6th it was read a third time and passed. Two days later, as another entry records, it was again read a third time; and as if some lingering doubt still remained as to its validity, a special

resolution was passed "that it be enacted for law." The number of Commissioners, fixed in the first Ordinance at 150, was now reduced to 135, and a comparison of the two lists might yield some interesting results. The same quorum of twenty was retained. Not half of the whole number ever attended at one sitting; but without speculating on the probable consequences had the remainder not confined their opposition to staying away, it is enough to note that the dissent of Downes alone, though finally overcome since his name appears on the warrant, sufficed to cause an adjournment of the Court on the 27th. Out of the fifty-three Commissioners who met for the first time on January 8, only thirty-seven are found to have signed the warrant fixing the 10th for the first meeting of the High Court. The trial actually began on the 20th in Westminster Hall before sixty-seven Commissioners, fifty-seven of whom had met earlier in the day in the Painted Chamber. Seventy were present on the 22nd, when the King repeated his refusal to plead, and seventy-one on the next day in Westminster Hall; Mr. Thoms's sixty-three is incorrect, that being the number present in the morning in the Painted Chamber when the King's default was recorded. After spending two days in privately examining witnesses "*ex abundanti*," for the further satisfaction of themselves," the Commissioners determined on Thursday, the 25th, to "proceed to sentence, and ordered a draught to be prepared, with a blank for the manner of the death." Sixty-two were present the next day when the draft sentence was agreed to and ordered to be engrossed; it was finally confirmed on the following morning in the presence of sixty-eight. Two of these, James Pennington and John Brown, do not appear to have proceeded with the rest to Westminster Hall, where sentence was pronounced; but the addition of Thomas Challoner made the total sixty-seven. After this, the Commissioners returned to the Painted Chamber, and appointed a Committee of five to make preparations for the execution. On Monday, the 29th, they met again to the number of forty-eight, and Phelps has thus recorded the proceedings on that morning:—

Upon Report made from the Committee for considering the Time and Place of the execution of the Judgment against the King, that the said Committee have resolved That the open street before Whitehall is a fit place, and that the said Committee conceive it fit that the King be there executed the morrow, the King having already notice thereof. The Court approved thereof, and ordered a Warrant to be drawn up for that purpose. Which said Warrant was accordingly drawn and agreed unto, and ordered to be engrossed; which was done, and signed and sealed accordingly.

The accuracy of this official minute Mr. Thoms impugns. A copy of the warrant follows, which we must reproduce, with italics to mark the blanks and erasures in the original:—

At the high Co^{rt} of Justice for the tryinge and judginge of Charles Steuart Kinge of England January XXXth Anno Dⁿⁱ 1648.

Whereas Charles Steuart Kinge of England is and standeth convicted attaynted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes And sentence upon Saturday last pronounced against him by this Co^{rt} to be put to death by the severinge of his head from his body Of w^{ch} sentence execut'on yet remayneth to be done These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed In the open Streete before Whitehall upon the morrow being the Thirtieth day of this instant Month of January between the hours of Tenn in the morning and Five in the afternoon of the said day wth full effect And for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant And these are to require All Officers and Soukiers and other the good people of this Nation to be assistinge unto You in this service Given under our Hands and Seales

To Colonel Ffrancis Hacker, Colonel Huncks and Lientenant Colonell Phayre and to every of them.

Arranged in seven columns below follow the names of fifty-nine Commissioners, with seals attached; and, as we are in the region of doubt, we might suggest an examination of the seals, to ascertain whether they correspond with the signatures. The genuineness of the latter is not disputed, and the firm handwriting of Richd. Ingoldsby, which Mr. Thoms has tested by other autographs of his in the Public Record Office, amply disproves Clarendon's story of Cromwell's having forcibly guided his pen.

The result of Mr. Thoms's investigations into the original warrant is to lead him to believe that it was not wholly signed on the 29th as the official statement records. "On the 'day of sentence,'" he says, "whatever that day was—and I am inclined to believe it was intended to sentence the King on the 26th and execute him on the 27th—opinions were probably divided, and the execution consequently postponed, until a larger number of signatures to the warrant for it had been obtained." The negative part of his criticism is unquestionably very strong. The existence of erasures on a document of such importance is sufficiently startling. The very date, the xxixth, is superscribed, as are also the names of the three officers to whom the warrant is addressed, and "in a different hand." The words "to every," which are wrongly printed in italics, are in reality part of the original; but this circumstance is unimportant beyond showing that the warrant was addressed, before these erasures were made, to more than two. Again, while the official record gives a list of only forty-eight Commissioners at the meeting when the warrant purports to have been signed, the latter contains no less than fifty-nine signatures. This difference is further increased by third absence of the signatures of Allen, Anlaby, Lisle, and Love, all of whom were present on the 29th; and the omission of the two last is the more remarkable, since they were both members of the Committee, with Ireton, Harrison, Marten, and Saye, which prepared the draft sentence on the 25th. Of

* The Death-Warrant of Charles I.: Another Historic Draft. By William J. Thoms. Reprinted, with Corrections, from "Notes and Queries" of July 1872.

these fifteen signers, not recorded as present on the 29th, the names of Danvers and Mauleverer occur seventh and tenth: John Moore, the next absentee on that day whose name appears, does not sign till forty-third. Had the forty-four signatures, out of the forty-eight Commissioners who are recorded as present on the 29th, been written consecutively, it might be conjectured that the remaining fifteen found on the warrant were picked up after the meeting that morning in the Painted Chamber, when, as Wayte stated in his evidence, "they were labouring to get hands for the King's execution at the door of the House"; but the interposition of Danvers and Mauleverer so early in the list discredits at once this theory and the official statement which supports it. Ingoldesby, whose name appears thirty-fourth on the list, was never present before the 29th; and unless therefore a blank had been left for his signature, it is clear that from his name to the end was clean parchment on that morning. Heveningham, who gave evidence that he protested "at the time of sealing," was not present on the 29th, when the warrant is stated to have been "signed and sealed"; but he attended the meeting on the 26th, when the sentence was agreed to; and from this Mr. Thoms not unreasonably infers that the work of signing and sealing, however partial, had commenced on that day—the utmost, as we understand, that he desires to establish. It is no disparagement of Mr. Thoms's inference to confess that it is less conclusive than his contradiction. The absence of A. on a given Monday, when a document bearing his name is officially stated to have been signed, operates of necessity more strongly to disprove that statement than the bare fact, however plain, of his attendance four days before to prove his having signed on the Friday. There is other evidence, however, to support this inference. Mr. Thoms has omitted to notice that, of the sixty-two Commissioners present on the 26th, no fewer than fifty-two have left their names on the warrant. That all of them actually signed on that day, though probably their assent was then obtained, is obviously not the case; since Sir J. Bouchier, one of the seven not then present but whose names appear on the warrant, signed as early as eighth in the list—a circumstance which goes to show that not more than seven signatures could have been attached that day, if, as we assume, the columns were filled in vertical order. The confession of Garland at his trial—the story of whose spitting in the King's face rests, by the way, on the evidence of only one witness, and, if credited at the time, would probably have ensured his execution—that he signed the warrant on the "day of sentence," would seem to refer to the 27th, the day when sentence was pronounced, rather than the 26th, when it was agreed on; but whatever the "day of sentence" was, it was certainly not the 29th.

The blank left for the day of execution, which Mr. Thoms conjectures was intended, from its size, to have been supplied by the word "twenty-seventh" instead of "thirtieth," shows that the engrosser, when he wrote the warrant, did not know what day "the morrow" would represent. The Committee appointed to arrange the time and place of the execution did not meet until after sentence was pronounced on the 27th. According to the official statement they recommended "the morrow" for the execution, and the warrant contains the same expression. But were those the *ipsissima verba* of their Report? If so, we must understand them to apply to the Monday—Sunday being considered a *dies non*—unless it is assumed that the Sunday was intended, or that the phrase was suited to the 29th when the Report was adopted. If the process of signing, as Mr. Thoms supposes, had commenced on the 26th, the warrant must have been engrossed for signature before the Committee, according to Phelps, recommended the very expression it contains. Assuming Phelps's statement to be literally taken from the Report, did that Report take the words "the morrow" from the warrant, previously written, or did the warrant, as it should do, embody the actual terms of the Report? On the whole, it seems pretty clear that the warrant, at whatever time it first received signatures, was never wholly signed on one and the same day. We are inclined to think that the process of autograph-hunting began almost from the first. Tradition points to the Chantry Chapel in St. Stephen's Cloister and Challoner's house in Clerkenwell as places where it was signed. Challoner, at any rate, was not present on the 29th, though his name appears on the warrant. Mr. Thoms does not suggest that the Commissioners employed their pens on this document while keeping their fast on the 28th in the Chapel at Whitehall. But Whitlocke, in his *Journal* of January 26th, makes one statement, which we look to *Notes and Queries* to explain. "I met," he says, "with Mr. Pridesaux and others at Mr. Lisle's house, about the Ordinance for settling the Court of Justice, and then it was drawn." Among the many reflections, however, which this "historic doubt" suggests, not the least curious is this, that an original document of such importance should have remained unnoticed, in spite of its accessibility, for more than two hundred years after the event for which it formed the sole authority occurred.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

DR. MACDONALD was never a strong writer, even in the beginning of his work and when his powers were freshest; but we did not expect to see him sink into such feeble sickness as his last two books have displayed. *Wilfrid Cumbermede* was puerile enough, but the *Vicar's Daughter* is a step below.

* *The Vicar's Daughter*. An Autobiographical Story. By George MacDonald, LL.D. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The one dealt at any rate with the outward semblance of a man, but when we come to the autobiography of a self-conscious, gushing young woman made up of sentimentality and pietism, we go down into depths of bathos where every trace of manly feeling and common sense is lost, and where the only marvel is how even Dr. MacDonald, the high priest of literary effeminacy as he is, could have so entirely abandoned all masculine instinct and healthy perception of life. We grant him good intention in his work, and the desire to benefit the world by his preaching—for his novels are essentially sermons in disguise; we grant him purity and delicacy; but when we have said this, we have said all we can in his praise. As an artist he is almost below criticism, having indeed laid aside every characteristic of the artist that he may indulge himself with less restraint in the slipslop which he prefers to careful creation. There is something also to our mind repulsive in the idea of a man writing as a woman; unless he takes up such a healthful breezy subject as *Kate Coventry* or the like. But the case is different when a man travesties himself as a weak-backed, hysterical young woman; a young woman who lets you know when she is going to have a baby, and when she has her baby, and what she feels when she has it—for, thanks to chloroform, Dr. MacDonald can be both imaginative and circumstantial in his description of his vicarious confinement, without fear of matronly ridicule; a young woman who gushes about her father, and the publisher "Mr. S.," and her husband "the great big huge brown bear," and who prattles to the public about her first dinner-party, when her cook, who somewhat paradoxically "has a genius for cooking," boils the sirloin and roasts the fowls; a young woman whose piety so interpenetrates her, soul and body, that she says she seems to know God better for ever after, because her father, seeing her exhausted with the heat when in "an interesting condition," sets open a gate in the garden to give her more air. When a man condescends to trash of this kind it is time for him to lay aside his pen and find another occupation which may brace him up into something like normal masculinity again.

Before we go into a discussion of the story we would enter our protest once more against Dr. MacDonald's obtrusive piety. For as much reverence as we have for true religion, for the religion which makes men and women faithful, strong, and earnest, so much dislike do we feel for the pitiful maunderings which Dr. MacDonald offers to the world as piety. One of his two main theorems is the translation into eternal life of the soul of every bird and fish and animal that exists, as he propounded it in *Wilfrid Cumbermede*; or, as he puts it here, "When the cat kills the bird—as I have seen happen so often in our poor little London garden—God yet saves his bird from his cat." The second is his belief in the continual interposition of God in human affairs, so that everything comes about by the direct action, the arbitrary will, and distinct design of the Almighty, with the optimist corollary that everything works for our good—our temporal good, as we understand it. To him there is no spiritual mystery over which to ponder in mute perplexity. God's laws, God's ways, His will, and His works are as the four corners of a map whereon Dr. MacDonald can trace to a line the solution of the most tremendous problems which bewilder man. He knows things that are hidden from the rest of the world and not set forth in the Bible, as, for instance, this same individual immortality of the birds and beasts. By the by, he does not say how far down he goes in the scale, and whether he includes sponges and corals and sea-anemones in his world to come, whether he gives the benefit of a doubt to the sensitive plant and the various fly-catchers of the vegetable kingdom. Such philosophy as his is always conveniently vague. A flourish of misty phrases does duty for a creed that would vanish into nothingness if stated with scientific exactness or argued logically. But then Dr. MacDonald would no doubt plead that he does not study scientific exactness or logic. He goes on the line of the heart, of feeling, of moral conviction; he abjures objective truth altogether, or scorns it as materialism; and certainly it is not half so sweet and pretty as the belief that when a cat eats a bird, God Almighty as the Father of the Universe looks on and snatches up the soul of the bird to eternal glory in heaven, the cat being bound to follow after when her time comes at the hands of cruel dogs or the makers of mutton-pies. If Dr. MacDonald finds comfort in such a phantasy of the mind, and in his belief in perpetual Divine manipulation of human affairs, no man need wish to disturb him; but a little more reticence in dealing with these grave subjects, a little less gushing familiarity with the name of Deity, would, as it seems to us, both express more real reverence and prove less distressing to his readers.

The story of the *Vicar's Daughter* is very slight. It can scarcely be said to have a plot at all, being rather the weak prattle of the sentimental young lady of whom we had a glimpse in the *Seaboard Parish*, Ethelwyn Walton, than a real story with a good central idea as its backbone. The introductory chapter is perhaps the richest in Dr. MacDonald's peculiar ore. The opening sentence strikes the keynote:—"I think that is the way my father would begin"; a phrase both faulty in grammar and full of the affectation and simpering simplicity which pervades the book. Then comes a panegyric on Mr. S., of whom, as Mrs. Percivale informs us, her father says—"his friend the publisher is not like any other publisher he ever met with before, for he is so fond of good work that he never grumbles at any alterations writers choose to make—at least he never says anything, although it costs a great deal to shift the types again after they are once set up." We suppose the next book published in the magazine belonging to the firm will in justice contain a complimentary mention of Mr. I., nor do we

see why the Messrs. T. should be left out, or even the printers Messrs. V.; and for ourselves, being inclined to give every one his due, we would make a point of finding out the name of the poor little hard-worked devil, and give him too a niche in the Temple of Fame. Encouraged then by Mr. S., by her father, and by the "great, big, huge brown bear," her husband, but confessing that she was "much afraid of writing nonsense"—what a pity it is that fear is not always a deterring influence!—Ethelwyn Walton Percivale undertakes her task. After she has got out of the little entanglement of shyness and persuasion which makes up the first chapter, and after Mr. Blackstone has "burst into one of his splendid roars of laughter—for if ever a man could laugh like a Christian who believed the world was in a fair way after all, that man was Mr. Blackstone"—Mrs. Percivale begins her narrative. We give the following extract to show the pretence of simplicity which Dr. MacDonald has adopted as his distinctive; the girlish reference to her father, the meek wife's submission to her husband, and the inartificial colloquialisms, all being as essential to Dr. MacDonald's "later manner" as a love quarrel is to Mr. Trollope, or as reiteration was to Mr. Dickens:—

I hope no one will think I try to write like my father, for that would be to go against what he always made a great point of—that nobody whatever should imitate any other person whatever, but in modesty and humility allow the seed that God had sown in her to grow. He said all imitation tended to dwarf and distort the plant, if it even allowed the seed to germinate at all. So if I do write like him, it will be because I cannot help it.

I will just look how *The Seaboard Parish* ends, and perhaps that will put into my head how I ought to begin. I see my father does mention that I had then been Mrs. Percivale for many years. Not so very many though—five or six, if I remember rightly, and that is three or four years ago. Yes, I have been married nine years. I may as well say a word as to how it came about, and if Percivale doesn't like it, the remedy lies in his pen. I shall be far more thankful to have anything struck out on suspicion than remain on sufferance.

After our return home from Kilhaven, my father and mother had a good many talks about me and Percivale, and sometimes they took different sides. I will give a shadow of one of these conversations. I think ladies can write fully as natural talk as gentlemen can, though the bits between mayn't be so good.

After this we have an account of her marriage with the brown bear, when she cries as soon as she wakes on the wedding day, or, as she phrases it, "I confess the first thing I did when I knew myself the next morning was to have a good cry," and does not get up to dress, but lies and stares at the queer old crows on the chintz curtains, &c. &c. Then comes her "interesting condition," when she feels the heat, and is annoyed by a certain street cry; then the description of her confinement; and then the progress of her recovery, marked by stages, the first of which is that she begins to wash and dress her baby, and the second that she begins to order the dinners. Then ensue little tiffs and misunderstandings, as of old. For indeed, for such a pious and conscientious young person, Ethelwyn Walton Percivale is marvellously captious and irritable. But as all her tempers end in her "having a good cry" as she nestles into her husband's arms, or flings herself at his feet with lavish peccavits, not much harm comes of them; and the amatory sweetstuff, flavoured with fancy piety, is served out as generously as before.

The most wonderful person of the book is Miss Marion Clare, a charming and accomplished young lady who lives in a by-street off Tottenham Court Road among roughs and loose women whom she soothes into sobriety and domestic virtue, chiefly, as it would seem, by singing and playing to them, and by whom she is called "grannie," and nothing else. We have been told ever since we were schoolboys writing round-hand that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast; but we somehow have not much faith in the most finely-modulated chords and syncopations as reformatory agents for London roughs. If a piano and a violin could settle the question, and act as stopgaps against our grim prisons, what a blessing it would be! We might educate a few grannies like Miss Clare, and settle them about the low and lawless districts at the cost of a few pounds, to the saving of many thousands. It would please classical scholars, too, to have their favourite myths vindicated as wholesome and practical teaching; and Orpheus, as a female City missionary, would be a charming embodiment of the old-world story. But we fear that the stern realities of poverty and ignorance and drunken vice are not to be touched by any such panaceas as a story out of the Apocryphal Gospels, and discussion more or less profane thereon; or even by the presence of a grannie like Miss Clare, with her pianoforte and her pleasant voice; nor do we think that our nineteenth-century apostle is to be found in Dr. George MacDonald, or in any of his impersonations.

The third volume, where the poor little vein, so thin from the beginning, has run quite into sand before the required amount of copy had been supplied, is too puerile for earnest criticism. We would instance the chapter called "Child Nonsense" as about the most pitiable exhibition known to us of a feeble intellect strained beyond its measure. Never strong, Dr. MacDonald is here fatuous; and the chapter reads more like the utterance of absolute imbecility than anything else. The end, too, is unique in its way:—

I have no more to say about myself or my people. We live in hope of the glory of God.

Here I was going to write—THE END, but was arrested by the following conversation between two of my children—Ernest, eight, and Freddy, five years of age.

Ernest. I'd do it for mamma, of course.

Freddy. Wouldn't you do it for Harry?

Ernest. No; Harry's nobody.

Freddy. Yes, he is somebody.

Ernest. You're nobody; I'm nobody; we are all nobody, compared to mamma.

Freddy (stolidly). Yes; I am somebody.

Ernest. You're nothing; I'm nothing; we are all nothing in mamma's presence.

Freddy. But, Ernest, every thing is some thing; so I must be something.

Ernest. Yes, Freddy, but you're no thing; so you're nothing. You're nothing to mamma.

Freddy. But I'm mamma's.

After this, we are not afraid that the most softhearted of readers will accuse us of being too severe on the author of *The Vicar's Daughter*.

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